The Saturday Evening Post

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"I WILL PRAY FOR YOU."

BY J. WARREN WATSON.

"I will pray for you," she murmured,
With her pale face turned to mine,
While her mild eyes beamed upon me
With a soft light, half divine.
Precious words that fell like manna
On my blind, benighted soul—
Pray, yes, pray the gates may open
And the sunshine inward roll!

You will pray for my salvation?
Hard I'll strive the prize to win,
Try to rend the countless shackles
That now bind me down to sin!
He who wears a moral armor
Calmly bears earth's chastening rod.
Crowned with these, and man is happy:
"*Human love*—THE GRACE OF GOD!"

I have looked with vague indifference
On great heaps of golden dust;
Oft I've gazed on outward beauty
With aversion and disgust!
Oh! there's something nobler, better,
O'er which art has no control;
And the flight of years can *never*
Dim the beauty of the soul!

May your prayer be heard, fair Christian,
That when done with toil and strife,
I may not be found a debtor
In the mystic book of life!
May I stand before my Father
With my raiment free from sin.
May I answer, when He calleth,
"Good and faithful enter in!"

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

JASPER CAMERON'S CLAIM.

Dora Tremaine was not ill after her unfortunate visit to Woodlea, as Catherine Dawson feared. But it would have proved a greater comfort to have her sick in bed, she thought. She went around silently, her face wan and white, her hands like carven ivory, and a far look in her eyes as if she were continually searching the inscrutable future. Withal quiet and tearless, as if the hurt had gone too deep for any outward demonstration.

Catherine was very tender. You would hardly have expected such refinement of pity as this common-place woman showed, being mother and servant in one. In those desolate days Dora's heart was strangely drawn to her. The poor child stood so utterly alone. Not one of her past friends could be called upon in this emergency.

And then there was an awesome future to think of. Day and night one sentence of Ralph Tremaine's rang in her ears. If he knew the truth how would he act? No, she could not take his pity for that, since he had no compassion on her worn, aching, desolate heart.

By degrees she came to something better than that heart-sick apathy. Going over her past she found she had been much at fault. The secret between them had been like a brooding phantom, and kept her from loving him just as she might have, or from showing her heart in its truest moods. When she first discovered her uncle's fatal omission, she should have gone directly to Mr. Tremaine. She remembered well what had held her back—anger and indignation at her dying uncle that would have found vent too freely, and the little, stinging mortification of seeming to be a participator in the fraud. Would he have married her, knowing it?

Yet events had proved that anything would have been better than the silence. Her punishment had come upon her, and since God did not mean her to die but had another work for her, she must endure the life and the burthen.

She surprised Catherine one morning by bringing her sewing down to the kitchen with an air of interest and determination quite different from her former listlessness.

"Catherine," she began presently, "I want to talk to you."

"Well, bairn?" The voice was gentle and encouraging.

"We must make some plans for—the future, I think," and the tones faltered a trifle. "Is Mark tired of me?"

"No, child. What put that into your head?"

"I don't know,"—smiling faintly. "I shall always be a trouble."

"You'll never hear him complain, Miss Dora," the wife said proudly. "He'd go through fire and water to serve you."

"You have both been so good to me," and Dora's eyes filled with tears. "Will you keep me—in spite of all the care—"

"I said that before—in life or death, through all."

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"NOTHING! THAT IS JUST THE VALUE I PUT UPON MY FREEDOM."

"I'm motherless and friendless, and now I understand that I have no claim upon Mr. Tremaine. I do not believe he would be willing to marry me, were I divorced for a trivial cause, so while Jasper Cameron lives I shall be isolated from the rest of the world. But I am not poor, Catherine, and I am glad not to add to Mark's burthen in this respect. I want to keep you both with me, always, so that not one step of my life can ever be questioned, for another's sake," and the fair face drooped.

"Mark was talking, Miss Dora—about the house. He thought perhaps you'd like something better. You have never been used to such plain, homely living."

"No, Catherine, I do not want to make any change for you. We will alter the rooms up stairs a little, and when cold weather comes I should like to have a fire. And you'll keep me company and be motherly, while I'll pray for a better and more contented heart. I think we shall be quite happy."

Catherine was glad to hear her say this. They made their bargain, though she demurred a little at what she called Dora's generosity.

"It's all I can do," Dora said with a faint smile.

"And Jasper Cameron?" Catherine asked presently.

"If it were love I might feel a little pity for him," Dora replied, "but nothing more under any circumstances. Why, it is three weeks since he has been here!"

They had quite forgotten about him, indeed.

"Not a very ardent lover," and Dora smiled with something of her old archness.

"I wish he would never come again!" was Catherine's vehement rejoinder.

"After one more interview I shall refuse to see him. He has no right to intrude upon me. If it is necessary to invoke the law to protect me, I shall do that."

There was a sudden resolute strength in Dora's tone. Catherine was relieved to see her so much like her former self.

But their rejoicing was premature. That very afternoon Jasper Cameron presented himself.

He found Dora in quite a new mood. Entreaties and extravagant protestations had never weighed much with her, but now she treated them contemptuously. Threats had as little effect. She dared him to do his worst—it could cause her but a temporary inconvenience. He would find that there was some law for her as well as himself, some limit to his power.

For Dora was to be no longer intimidated by this assumption and bravado. Who had warned her in his absence? Pale and delicate as she looked there seemed a giant's strength about her. He could not make her cower. Perhaps the loss of all she held most dear had rendered her brave.

"Well," he said insolently, "since you will not listen to friendly overtures I have one thing more to offer? I hold your freedom in my hands—once you would have been glad to buy my silence and absence at any cost—what will you give now?"

"Nothing."

Her calm, incisive tone amazed him as if she had given him a keen physical blow.

He studied her with an incredulous air, doubting for a moment his senses.

"Yes," she said clearly and with superb haughtiness,—"nothing! That is just the value I put upon my freedom. I was wild enough at first to offer any sum within my reach, but now it is too late."

"Ah, you know that Ralph Tremaine's heart is fast becoming another's?" He would make some thrust through this armor. She *should* feel his power.

For an instant only she turned deathly white, then she was herself again.

"Your taunt is hardly worth the notice," was her scornful rejoinder.

"It is true, nevertheless. Before many months Tremaine will become anxious for and glad of his freedom. But if it were not so, I swear that you shall never be his wife again, while I am alive!"

She shuddered at the vengeful look in his cruel eyes. Well for her that she could brave him.

"Jasper Cameron," she said, rising, "this is our last interview. Under no pretence whatever will I see you again. Do your worst, if you will, it can but cause me temporary discomfort. As for freedom, love, and happiness, they are dead words to me. Be satisfied with the misery you have wrought. What deep-laid plan was at the bottom of it all I cannot tell, but I do know that it was no affection for me."

She swept proudly out of the room. For a moment he was wild with anger and hate. Twenty plans of revenge and disgrace for her rushed through his mind. And as he walked rapidly down the street he considered which would be the most feasible.

When it came to that, *could* he injure her by any of them? Persecute a young and pretty woman openly, and the whole world espouses her cause on the instant. To make a public scandal would be no gain in the end, and possibly the result might prove an honorable divorce for her. No, the game was not worth the candle. He would keep his right to stab her in secret, and so as his anger cooled, his revenge centred in more subtle forms.

But he *did* want money. What would these Walsinghams give for proof of Dora's existence? There was some pretty romance about a mother's love and all that, so what if he traded upon a new capital? If they would pay him well for his secret, they would not haggle about a few thousands to take him out of the country. Then he would wash his hands of the business altogether.

He worked himself up to a smiling, complacent state of mind. Luckily Colby had not spoiled this little scheme by any incautious revelations. So he presented himself at the Walsinghams' hotel and found the lady alone, very fortunately, he thought.

It must be admitted that Jasper Cameron told his story well and impressively. He began with his love and marriage, lingered tenderly over the guileless Dora of that period, mentioned briefly his adventures and his return. His aunt had been the sole attendant of Dora's supposed mother in her dying moments, and she had confided some important papers to her care. She, thinking Dora's husband had the best right to this knowledge, had reserved them for him. In a moment of apprehension lest the child should be recalled, she had written to England, according to an address she had discovered, stating that it was dead. On Jasper's return she had placed these papers in his hands, and he was just about instituting a suit for the recovery of the fortune, when Dora's mother had appeared so opportunely. He pictured his grief and disappointment at not being able to find a way to the heart of the wife worshipped so tenderly through long years of absence, and delicately hinted that some compensation should make amends for these great sacrifices.

Mrs. Walsingham was more penetrating than her baby face led Jasper Cameron to suppose. What she had suffered from a rash and unfortunate marriage heaven only knew. Before Giles Walsingham had grown brutal and bloated, he used to come to her with tales of maudlin love, his handsome, treacherous face softening with every emotion, as did this one before her. And so she was a trifle wary.

Her heart had given a great and sudden bound at these tidings of her lost child. She felt like seizing Cameron's arm and bidding him lead her thither at once. But when he spoke of a reward—it called to mind the one who would beg and plead for her last dollar, nay, steal it even, and leave her to starve.

"It is a strange story," she said. "I have been accustomed to thinking my daughter dead for so long that I can hardly realize it. And your griefs are so—pathetic."

There was the grace of a French woman in the turn of her sentence.

"If you will see my son to-morrow—and if you can bring the papers you mention?"

"Yes;" but Jasper Cameron resolved inwardly that he would find some excuse for not fulfilling the last part of the request.

As she no longer appeared desirous to retain him, he bowed himself out in a most respectful manner.

Mr. Eastman had said—"Take no step without first consulting me." She knew that her son was engaged with him now, so it would be best to go to them at once. It was but a moment's work to order the coach and don her bonnet.

If Jasper Cameron had been lurking round, a favorite habit of his, this move might have aroused some suspicion. Truth to tell he was not thoroughly satisfied with his interview. The proofs of Dora's identity were in his possession, and Mr. Colby could not give any clue to her residence, should Mrs. Walsingham apply to him. He seemed sure enough, but still he had lost a little of his olden confidence.

Mrs. Walsingham went direct to her lawyer. As she expected, she found her son, and in her excitement she could hardly make them understand her story at first.

"I was miserably poor then, and had an offer to go abroad, but it was quite impossible to take both children. My little girl was very delicate, and this Mrs. Denver, who had lost her own baby, had taken her to nurse. She begged so for me to leave her behind, and finally I consented. I was so afraid that my husband or his father would find her that I compelled Mrs. Denver to swear secrecy and tell every one that the child was hers. This she could the more easily do, as she was about moving to a little country town. She had a strange passion for the child, so I did not hesitate to leave her, and as year after year passed she grew more unwilling to give her up, and it was not convenient for me to take her. Then came the news of her death. I had used my utmost endeavors to provide for her maintainance, but perhaps I did not love her as we do those who are under our constant care. My poor darling! And to think of her misfortunes!"

"I remember hearing Mr. Colby say there had already been one claimant for the fortune," Stacy Walsingham rejoined. "What if it were she? He surely could tell."

"Let us go immediately," Mrs. Walsingham said, laying her hand upon her son's arm. "Every moment is an age to me."

Eastman smiled at this touch of foreign eagerness and vivacity, but he well understood how terribly in earnest the mother was. Every feature, every pulse had been roused as by an electric shock.

The walk to Mr. Colby's office was short. They were fortunate enough to find him in, and for a few moments he was bewildered by hurried questions.

Each succeeding day his resentment against Jasper Cameron had grown more deep and bitter. He really took a vindictive delight in thinking that if he was ruined, Cameron was not by any means a victor. He had managed to obtain a thousand dollars from him, and that ground keenly.

"A smooth-tongued villain, an infamous liar!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "He brought this trumped-up story to me and worked upon my sympathies for this woman whom he claims as a wife—but I believe it a plausible lie from beginning to end."

"And my child; do not tell me that I have no child!" Mrs. Walsingham entreated.

"Your child! This Dora Tremaine, do you mean?"

"That is what he called her. Do you know where she is? If I could but hear her own story!"

"Not the wife of Ralph Tremaine?" Mr. Eastman asked, slowly.

"Yes." And then Leonard Colby gasped for breath. Could he relate the incidents that had come under his notice without criminating himself? make his side fair while Jasper Cameron's was the blacker by contrast? He resolved to try.

Beginning with Cameron's first visits, and his own effort to see Mrs. Tremaine, that had been so suddenly frustrated, he left no incident untouched that could serve to set himself in the best possible light. He did not scruple to mention Cameron's villainous scheme that they should share the fortune between them.

"The story sounds incredible;" Eastman said, gazing sharply at the narrator. "In the meanwhile what has Mrs. Tremaine done?"

"Nothing that I can hear. Unfortunately Jasper Cameron's claim is good until made void by law."

"My own darling, my sweet suffering child;" sobbed Mrs. Walsingham.

"Mother"—and her son bent fondly over her—"we will find her and see that she is released from the toils of this scoundrel."

"Oh, if I had never given her up!"

"We will make all the amends that we can. How will it be possible to find her?"

"I will see Tremaine at once;" Mr. Eastman rejoined. "He has doubtless left the city; but there are evening trains to Woodlea. I will inform you of my success in the morning."

He bade them a hasty adieu, and went immediately to Mr. Tremaine's place of business. As he feared, he was not there. Merely looking into his own office to see that all was right, he hurried to the depot. He had to wait half an hour for a train, which did not strengthen his patience.

He found the residence with very little trouble. Mr. Tremaine, the housekeeper informed him, had been called away by the death of a friend and would not return until the next noon.

"Was there no one else in the house?" Eastman experienced a strong inclination to swear.

The housekeeper bridled at the tone.

"There was Mr. Tremaine's aunt, Mrs. Lester, and his cousin, Mrs. Merrivour."

"Let me see the aunt," he said, briefly.

Mrs. Lester was all agitation at this unexpected summons; and when she found herself questioned about Mrs. Tremaine, showed strong symptoms of hysterics, and sent a servant for Edith.

The lawyer was rather surprised at this vision of beauty and stateliness. Mrs. Merrivour was ladylike but cautious.

"You can trust me, I assure you, my dear madam," he said, impatiently. "I know the particulars of this unfortunate affair—more, probably, than even Mr. Tremaine is aware of—and it is of the utmost importance, that I should know where to find Mrs. Tremaine immediately."

"I cannot inform you," she answered, in her cool, clear tones, which exasperated him. "I think Mr. Tremaine has never seen her since the day on which she left her home."

"Edith," her mother began, roused by some sudden claim of recollection, "when Ralph directed the cards for her boxes, he blotted one, you know. It lay on the library table, and I used it to mark my place in a book."

"If you could find it!" was Mr. Eastman's exclamation.

Mrs. Lester went to the library and tried to remember. She took down book after book, shook them by the covers, and at last began to despair. Of course she had taken it out afterward. How stupid to think that it might still be there!

Something white lay on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. A blotch of ink and this name—

"Catherine Dawson, 230 —— Street."

"Here it is," she announced, triumphantly. "It is not her name, but that of the woman she is staying with, I believe."

Mr. Eastman hardly felt satisfied, but he found that he could gain nothing more explicit. Expressing his obligation therefore, he wished the ladies a courteous good-evening.

"I'm not sure that it was right," Mrs. Merrivour said, slowly. "I think we had better wait a few days before mentioning it."

The hint was not lost upon Mrs. Lester.

CHAPTER XXII.

LINKING THE CHAIN TOGETHER.

Mrs. Walsingham and her son returned to their hotel. There was something chivalrous in his devotion to his mother, and she, I think, had proved herself fully worthy of it, though there was much in her life that a stern censor might have condemned. We judge each other with such clear, righteous eyes, that the least flaw seems a fatal blot.

The old life lying back of this present, was rarely reverted to by either. Stacy had

once said to her—'Forget it for my sake.' Indeed, there was much in it that he had never known. She had been both wise and brave in her simple way.

Eleanor Duprey, a Cuban by birth, an orphan then, was seventeen when she met the gay, handsome Walsingham, a dozen years her senior. For two years she had been connected with the stage, one of a troupe of ballet girls. Walsingham was dissolute and unprincipled, but a hero in her eyes because he loved her; and to her, poor girl, love was a luxury. She had kept herself from all grosser contact by a kind of innate nobility and purity, an innocence that held evil at bay like a strong armor. In what mood he married her it would be difficult to tell; but he did make her a legal and honorable wife.

I am not sure but it might have been a fresh starting point for him, had his father accepted the facts and given the young wife a welcome-home. Instead, he was incensed to the utmost. That the Walsingham blood should be contaminated by marriage with a low dancer—and his grand children, if there should be any, have this stain upon their birth! He raved like a mad man. If his son had betrayed this poor girl and left her to shame and misery, there would not have been the slightest compunction in his soul. And all his vices, in his father's eyes, did not tend to degrade him half as much as this marriage. He sought Eleanor and denounced her bitterly, swore that she should never have a farthing of his, and that he would do his utmost to break the bond between them. The son was rather amused at all this, and still infatuated with the object of his choice.

But Eleanor became aware of his true character by slow degrees. She found that she must not only continue to support herself, but share her earnings with her husband. She was the slave and he the tyrant, often coarse and brutal, and amid such scenes her first child was born.

There was a second or third-rate actor whose wife befriended her—and but for the woman Eleanor must often have suffered. As it was, she dragged through her miserable life for three years, when it seemed that flesh and blood could endure no longer. She shuddered even now when a remembrance of those old events came over her.

She loved her little boy passionately. Old Mr. Walsingham was quite desirous to gain possession of the child in some secret manner, and persuade his son to deliver it to him for a certain consideration, paying part of the money down. He told the story to his wife, and laughed over his father's credulity—but it struck a quick chill of apprehension home to her heart. The mother revolted at thus being robbed. Then her husband left the country in the train of a rising young actress, who had been beguiled by his fascinations.

Old Mr. Walsingham, fast growing miserly, cursed his son and disinherited him. Sometime afterward, he proposed to educate his grand son; and for this purpose Eleanor was called to the house of her father-in-law.

Mr. Walsingham demanded that Eleanor should relinquish the boy altogether, sign papers to the effect that she would never visit him, never inform him who his mother was, and leave him entirely to the care of his grandfather, to be made his heir eventually. There was something regal in Eleanor's scorn of this offer. She dared to tell the truth unflinchingly. In the face of trial and difficulty she had kept her own life pure, but her husband had not paused before any wrong or crime, even brutality, to her. And in that instant she felt far above the Walsinghams, with all their money; so she rejected the proposal with the utmost indignation.

She found, a few days after that, her child was hardly safe. In an unguarded moment he might be stolen from her, and she clung to him as something better than life. Her kind neighbor, Mrs. Denver, had taken the little girl from its birth, having lost her own.

At this juncture, fate seemed to open a new path for Mrs. Walsingham. She received an offer to go abroad at a liberal salary, and with an entire new company, which she accepted at once.

Mrs. Denver implored her to leave the baby in her charge; and Eleanor felt that it would be a great relief. In a few years she would doubtless return, and could claim her child again. Another incident seemed to make this more feasible. Mr. Denver, being injured by a fall, survived but a few days, and thus doubly bereaved, the poor woman was more urgent than before.

The matter was settled by her removing to a country town and establishing herself at dress-making. Mrs. Walsingham bound her by the most solemn of promises, never to reveal the true parentage of the child, but to consider it her very own, and deliver it into no person's hands but hers—so fearful was she that Mr. Walsingham might gain possession of it. No wonder she shrank from the influences and dangers that had ruined her husband. She was to provide for the child's maintainance—but all letters were to be addressed to her under an assumed name.

It was not from heartlessness or even indifference that she thus relinquished her little daughter. She honestly believed that she had chosen the wisest course, for she knew Mrs. Denver to be a thoroughly good and generous-hearted woman. And it was with a feeling of peace and security that she left her.

Abroad, Mrs. Walsingham succeeded well in her art. Her child became her idol. She watched him with jealous care and fondness, hardly daring to trust the grave, middle-aged nurse and maid, with so precious a thing. And so the years passed by, the boy in nowise disappointing his mother.

In the meanwhile another change came to Mrs. Denver. The life lease of a cottage in a neighboring town and a trifling annuity had been left her by some of her husband's relatives. Here, having nothing urgent with which to employ her mind, she became a religious devotee. Twice a year she and Mrs. Walsingham exchanged letters.

There was some mystery about the woman whom the world of amusement knew as "La Sylphide." A graceful, winsome creature, a perfect fairy, enchanting all in her brief hours upon the stage—but in what sphere her private life was passed no one knew. She rose like a star, first in one city, then in another, and disappeared as suddenly. Seen in those gauzy robes she was a vision of beauty, her waves of light hair enveloping her fair, childish face like a cloud.

Her husband found her out at length. During a brief holiday that she was spending with her boy, some evil genius led him thither, a poor, miserable, wornout wreck of what had once been manly beauty. She had meant to keep all this vile history from her child—but now it came out, and the brave boy, Stacy, learned, besides this, the continual danger and gossip to which his mother was exposed.

Mr. Walsingham died in a fit of maudlin repentance. He had been in America once since his escapade, at which time his father had disowned him utterly. But he begged Stacy to visit his grandfather, little dreaming that the poor old man was already dead, and that a fortune awaited them all.

A year after this, La Sylphide disappeared from the stage forever. She had gained a comfortable income, but she would fain have amassed a fortune for this beloved child, yet she yielded to his entreaties and relinquished her aims. As soon as his education was completed they were to return to America, and rejoin the daughter and sister from whom they had been so long separated.

The news of Dora's death frustrated this plan. So they had lingered abroad, living in quiet, inexpensive places and enjoying much delight in each other's society, Stacy developing into honorable manhood, and becoming his mother's protector.

Looking at Mrs. Walsingham, you would hardly guess all she had suffered and endured. It had not made her old or careworn. There were certain ineffaceable marks on her heart, but her face had a fair, fresh suggestion of girlhood. And Stacy worshipped her for the grand, yet simple heroism that could forget, outwardly at least, and be happy again. How much there was he never knew.

Great had been his surprise when upon making some inquiries concerning his grandfather, he had heard not only of the death but of the will, and the fortune still unclaimed. At first neither of them could believe it—but Stacy soon took pains to assure himself of the facts.

His mother shrank from any step. The old man's wealth had been a curse to his son—and it might bring some evil fate to them.

"It has been purified by fifteen years waiting," Stacy said, with a smile. "And since my grandfather relented on his death-bed, why should we not accept the gift? I am not afraid."

"It is to you alone. I have no part nor lot in the matter," she answered.

"As if our lives would not always be one, my mother! Could I be so base as to forget your years of toil?"

Now they had walked homeward in silence. Mrs. Walsingham could hardly realize having found her daughter, nor why it should have been any object to announce her death in the manner it had been done. To be sure there had been left with Mrs. Denver every proof of the child's identity, and she herself had been present at its birth. How could these all have fallen into the hands of Mr. Cameron! She perplexed her brain with useless surmises, and each moment appeared an age.

Stacy was burning with indignation. Some strange fate had followed them all, but descended heaviest upon this poor sister whom he had never seen. He was not selfish or narrow, and now his whole soul became enlisted in her wrongs.

"I had hoped there was nothing more for you to suffer," he said to his mother. "Yours is a peculiar life!"

But she only answered—"My poor, poor child."

Mrs. Walsingham waited very impatiently the next morning. She watched the passers-by with a longing look, but the one face was not there. What if there were still worse tidings in store for her?

Mr. Eastman had considered it prudent that morning to take a search first, himself. Somehow he could hardly believe the story. He started therefore to find Catherine Dawson. It puzzled him not a little to think such an event could have occurred in their very midst as this episode of Mr. Tremaine's wife, and led to no gossip. He had met Tremaine several times within the last month, though now he remembered that he had a rather careworn look. To get to the truth with as little delay and trouble as possible was his business.

Mrs. Dawson was much surprised at a strange visitor, and especially the announcement that he had come on an important errand. Was Mrs. Tremaine in the house, and could he see her?

Catherine looked at the man sharply. Was he some emissary of Jasper Cameron's?

"Mrs. Tremaine is an invalid," she said stiffly. "I will give her any message you may choose to leave, but she cannot be disturbed."

Something in the grave, steadfast face warned the lawyer that this woman would be as true as steel to any fancied duty. The best course was the truth.

"I understand nearly all of Mrs. Tremaine's history," he said in his clear, prompt manner. "Jasper Cameron, her former husband, has had it in his power to work her much difficulty and suffering. It is to thwart his schemes that I have come. If you will tell her that a sincere friend wishes to confer with her—"

Still Catherine was unbelieving. At last she was prevailed upon against her will to take a message.

"No," Dora said in reply, "I cannot see him. "Tell him anything that he asks, Catherine, it can make no difference now, but it would half kill me to be questioned. I will not endure it."

"Then I shall have to trouble you," Mr. Eastman returned, rather disconcerted. "Are you acquainted with any of the particulars of Mrs. Tremaine's past life?"

"Yes," she answered reluctantly.

By a dint of astute questioning he at length led her to talk of Dora's parentage as she understood it. That she had always considered herself Mrs. Denver's child was not remarkable. There was a link between that Jasper Cameron could best supply, doubtless; but that Dora was truly Mrs. Walsingham's child hardly admitted of dispute.

"And now in return for your confidence I will explain another mystery," Mr. Eastman began. "Mrs. Tremaine has both friends and fortune awaiting her, one of the strange romances of life that we lawyers occasionally meet with."

Catherine looked at him in surprise. She felt inclined to distrust every one who came in contact with Dora.

"I think it better to relate the whole story to you," he continued. And he did this so very clearly that Mrs. Dawson was forced to believe.

"I leave you to judge whether it is best to explain this to her immediately. Mrs. Walsingham is wild to see her daughter, and perhaps it will be necessary for her to have some preparation."

Catherine listened in amazement, though her duty in the matter appeared anything but clear. And even after Mr. Eastman had reiterated his story and departed, she still appeared as if in a dream.

Dora came down presently, sad-eyed and wan. It made one's heart ache to see her efforts at trying to interest herself with life after all the joy and brightness had dropped out of it.

"Was your visitor very troublesome? What did he want?" Dora asked.

Catherine gave a vacant stare, pausing with the duster in her hand.

"Catherine," Dora began with unwonted energy, "I wish we could go away by ourselves where no one that knew me would find us. It is a continual care and worry, and Jasper Cameron means to hunt me to death. Ah, if he could realize how bitter he has made my life!"

"His power may come to an end some day, bairn." Catherine found her tongue at length.

"I suppose God means to punish me through him, so I must bear it," was her weary answer. And then she glanced entreatingly out beyond to the blue sky, but it was dumb and answered not.

"I have a hope, child—"

"No, Catherine, don't try to comfort me in that manner. It is because of your tender, generous heart, that bleeds for me at every step, and not anything that can come to such a forlorn life as mine. So let me be brave to bear without any hope, since it can only end in bitter disappointment. I have drifted away from all pleasant moorings."

Catherine was silent. What if there should be some cruel mistake—an underplot of Jasper Cameron's to stab her more keenly than anything that had gone before! If Mr. Eastman had proposed taking her away she would have felt sure that it was so.

She went to work with great vehemence, swept, scrubbed, scoured some tins already bright, and began to prepare for her simple dinner. Dora came down again in a lonesome mood and found her with her sleeves tucked up and her face very red, so she smiled a little.

"Catherine," she said in her soft, melancholy tone, "was I cross awhile ago? It seems so hard at times, but I am trying to be patient," and the lustrous eyes swam in tears.

Had this poor stricken child a mother who was ready to love and care for her? She, outside of all the world now, cast off, desolate, taking up the poor remnants in her hopeless way—

"How strange you look, Catherine? Are you quite well?"

A knock at the door startled them both.

Catherine took Dora in her arms a brief moment. "Child," she exclaimed huskily, "I ought to tell you that it is—"

"Not Ralph?" with a tender, disbelieving, piteous sob. "Oh, no, he will never come. I was wild."

Catherine rushed to the door half crazed. Was it true? She hardly dared open.

There in the street was a carriage—she saw that first in some strange way. Here her visitor of the morning, beside him a young man, and last of all a dainty woman with curls and flowers and laces, and a bracelet gleaming on her white arm.

"I have brought Mrs. Walsingham, as I proposed," the lawyer said. "This worthy woman is—"

"But Dora?" a softer voice said. "My child, where is she?"

A face colorless as that of a phantom stood in the door at the end of the hall. And while Catherine was explaining that she had not told the secret, the sure mother instinct led Mrs. Walsingham to this trembling figure, which she clasped to her heart.

"Dora," the voice was like a bell shaken in the storm, broken, yet clear, triumphant—"Dora, I am your mother. I gave you to Mrs. Denver, but my blood, not hers, runs in your veins."

Dora Tremaine heard and believed. And though she lay so still in her mother's arms, she had not fainted, but their eyes took long draughts of content from each other's souls.

"Oh," Dora said with a sigh, "it is a blissful dream!" And then it seemed as if she could have gone out of life quite satisfied.

Mrs. Walsingham drew her to the window and studied her face. "It is like Stacy's," she said in a satisfied tone. "My child, speak to me! I have never heard you call me mother."

"Mother!" she breathed through quivering lips.

"For years I have thought you dead, or I should have come sooner. My child, it has been a hard life for both, but if God pleases the rest shall be better."

And Dora no longer felt herself an outcast. A new link bound her to the world. Though she could not understand, she believed implicitly. These were mother tones indeed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Ministers from the United States to England and France receive $17,500 a year each; the Ministers to Austria, Spain and Mexico, $12,000; the Ministers to Hayti and Liberia, $7,500; the Ministers resident in Sweden, Belgium, Guatemala, Bogota, Bolivia and Nicaragua, $7,500.

☞ A raw Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in the vicinity of this city, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed:—"Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this little ten-foot patch, and any on 'em would keep the crows from a five-acre lot."

☞ Holland, in Michigan, is a town of three thousand inhabitants, all Dutch. It is as clean as any trans-Atlantic Dutch city, supports three Dutch papers, and the Dutch language is the only one spoken.

☞ The Mayor of Portland is entitled to be called the champion economist. He has asked that his salary be reduced from $1,600 to $1,300, but the Aldermen, with an eye to the succession, refuse to take off more than $100.

☞ During a recent rain storm at Laconia, N. H., several persons noticed a great number of fish on the snow beside the road. When first noticed they were alive and lively. They were about one and one-fourth inches long and of very uniform size, and there were hundreds of them. How they came where they were found is the question.

☞ For one of the offices in President Grant's gift there are, according to a correspondent, the following applicants: "A Bloomer woman, a loyal negro, a reconstructed rebel, a Republican Irishman, a wounded soldier, and a red-hot politician." Each of them is "confident of success."

☞ Accounts have been received going to prove the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveller, respecting whose fate so much uncertainty has prevailed. It is reported that he left Zanzibar, Eastern Africa, in January last, for England. He would go overland to Cairo, Egypt.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers to a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 28 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

We have received a copy of an Address delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, by Horatio Gates Jones, giving an interesting account of Andrew Bradford, founder of the Newspaper Press in the Middle States of America. In a well written discourse, Mr. Jones presents the claims of Mr. Bradford to remembrance, and recommends in conclusion the erection of a monument over the grave of this founder of our newspaper press, in the burial ground belonging to Christ Church.

The Historical Society is desirous of erecting a handsome building to contain its library, and other historical treasures, and appeals to the liberality of our citizens to furnish the needful funds. There should be no difficulty in collecting the necessary amount. A subscription paper, properly headed, and handed around among our wealthy citizens, would, we think, soon be filled up.

☞ Miss Anthony is going to relieve men of the trouble of proposing. She says:—"But, gentlemen, we 'strong-minded' are working hard to relieve you from this embarrassing question; and, as soon as you give women equal chance in money-getting, we shall make our own fortunes, build our own brown-stone fronts, and invite the grandest of you to share them with us."

☞ A shrewd but unenlightened school director, away out West, used to say, on examining a candidate for the post of teacher, "We all know that a, b, c is vowels, but we want to know why they is vowels."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BIRDS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY. By WILLIAM P. TURNBULL, L. L. D. This is a very interesting book for the young ornithologist, and in fact for all those who take pleasure in watching the birds, and finding out their various habits of life, etc. It seems to be the result of much careful observation, and will no doubt prove useful to many. This region of country is famous for its birds, which are generally of a migratory character. The volume is published and for sale by Mr. Richard McCauley, No. 1814 Chestnut St., Philada.

NOTES, CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY, AND PRACTICAL, ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By ALBERT BARNES. Volumes II. and III. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. April, 1869. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By LEWIS CARROLL. With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

POEMS. By AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL. Published by Adams & Co., 25 Bromfield street, Boston. We find some excellent verses in this volume.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE, author of "Griffith Gaunt," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY; or, BLANCHE ELLERSLIE'S ENDING. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY—containing Accurate Lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals Published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America; together with a Description of the Towns and Cities in which they are published. An excellent work this, and probably as accurate as such a work can be. Of course some amusing blunders are made as to the circulation of different periodicals, but that is to be expected. Published by George P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.

TYTHAINE'S ABBEY. A Tale of the Twelfth Century. By Count A. DE GONINEAU, Ambassador of France at Rio Janeiro. Translated by Charles D. Meigs, M. D., of Philadelphia. All we have read of this volume is the delightful preface by Dr. Meigs, who, now at the ripe age of seventy-eight, has felt it a pleasure to translate Count De Gobineau's novel from the French. The learned Professor of Jefferson College speaks very highly of its interest and other merits; and we therefore cordially commend it to the attention of our readers. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Philada.

FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS. By GENIO C. SCOTT. With one hundred and seventy Illustrations. Here is a work which all interested in fishing, fish culture, &c., should be sure to buy. It is handsomely gotten up, with any number of engravings, both useful and entertaining. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PHINIAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Orley Farm," &c. Published and for sale by Harper & Brothers, New York city.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. Edited by L. COLANGE. We have received the 12th number of this excellent work. Price 10 cents a number. Published by T. Elwood Zell, Philada.

SERIALS.—The North British Review, for March—The Woman's Advocate—American Journal of Medical Sciences—have been duly issued by their respective publishers.

SONGS OF GLADNESS—for the Sabbath School, Prayer Meeting, and Choir. Published by J. E. Gould, 923 Chestnut street, Philada.

DAILY DEVOTIONS FOR A CHILD. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

A Mormon's Opinion of Future Happiness.

One Sunday evening, a Newcastle (England) member of the Mormon priesthood enlightened a Sunderland audience, composed of between forty and fifty persons of both sexes, as to his expectations of everlasting happiness, which, he assured his hearers, were based on Gospel truths. He said it was the opinion of certain people that, after the judgment, they would be received into a "topless place," and obtain everlasting felicity in singing "Hallelujah." Such a reward would never do for him. He was never a singer; nor did he like it much, although he did derive a pleasure in listening for a short time, but he could not enjoy it long. He was by trade a boilermaker, and he did not like that very well, but he would sooner be boiler-making forever than singing forever. He believed that if he acted in accordance with the tenets of Mormonism during this life, the judge (Joseph Smith) would award him an earthly kingdom, for it was written that the righteous shall inherit the earth. When he came into possession of his inheritance, he did not wish to reign alone; he hoped he would have a good queen—perhaps more than one—for men without women are nothing; they were not perfect, not complete; they had not all their bones with them, and he sincerely trusted and believed such would not be his condition when he received his everlasting reward.

☞ The Madison Courier says:—"The child lost in travelling on the Ohio river, fifteen years since, of which information was asked through the columns of the Courier, some weeks ago, has turned up in Greencastle, this state, in the person of a blooming young lady. She is the daughter of a man named Wagoner, of Greene county, and was identified by a scar over her eye, caused by falling on a skillet."

☞ The valedictory of the late editor of the Vermont Record and Farmer is a model of terseness and propriety: "As announced in another column, I am done with this paper. I am not sorry, and I suppose the majority of the people are not sorry. All being pleased, there is no need of further remark."

☞ What is a "wooden" wedding? When two blockheads are united. A "tin" wedding? When both have the tin.

Obi Worship.

A traveller in Central America relates the following, which he received from a negro guide, as to the negro faith in Obi:—

Another and more novel subject of reflection was the free use Joe made of Obi's name, that dire dissyllable which none willingly pronounce in the West Indies. When a blundering stranger, chokeful of questions and bits of half-knowledge, asks his host about Obi and his worshippers, there is loud laughter in the household—maybe laughter a little too loud. "Obi, my dear sir!" repeats the host. "There is no such thing among us, and never was—never. You have your bugbear for children in England, and we have our Obi here—the same idea under a different name. It's enough to make one die of laughter to hear you English people take our Obi seriously. I might as well ask you 'the truth' about the giant Cormoran, or the black man who frightens your children to bed." So have respectable gentlemen expressed themselves to me who write. But long before Joe thus openly made allusions to the dread superstition, I knew how much to believe of the creole planter's eager denial.

"Let Joe speak for himself and for his horrid faith. "Do you say, Joe," I asked, "that the dreadful monster you call Obi commanded you to obey the Christian minister?"

"He always does so, sir," Joe answered. "Never Obi tell a man to go against the minister."

"But you yourself said that Obi wasn't 'good.'"

Joe had no reply to this. He looked at me, and ground the butt of his rifle into the sod. At length he repeated: "Never Obi tell a man to go against the minister."

On this I reflected for an instant. Joe's words explained in some degree a mystery that has perplexed very many persons who know the existence of Obi-ism, but cannot understand how a race so simply pious as is the negro—I speak of the *race*, mind—can reconcile the practice of a devilish superstition with the enthusiastic belief of evangelical Christianity. But Obi is equal to this difficulty. "Never he tells a man to go against the minister." But where the minister has not spoken, on doctrines and deeds the good man would shudder to contemplate, there Obi is master.

"You speak of consulting him. Does he live in the woods round here, and do you see him in the flesh?" I asked.

"I haven't seen Obi in the flesh these ten years; not since I landed at Greytown. Once I see him upon the Blue Mountains behind Kingston. There isn't an Obi in this part of America that I *know* of, sir."

"Not an Obi? Are there several, then?" And on this I drew from Joe an explanation of the idolatry, most valuable and curious, I think, to those who feel an interest in the negro race. I would fain put into some order the facts he confusedly revealed.

"Obi" is not the name of a deity, as is the common belief. Comparative philologists connect the word with *ophis*, a snake, and deduce from this fact the most singular arguments. I cannot say how far the derivation may be correct; but if, as Joe declared to me, the Obi is *not* a deity, nor even an emanation, it is evident that much of the theory founded on this basis is incorrect. Obi, I learned, is but the title of a man—a man gifted with strange and magical powers, it is true, but simply a man. One is born Obi; no person can acquire the attributes or the title. The child so favored is recognized almost at birth by his supernatural potency over men's minds. By whom he is swayed, or for what purpose the power is given him, no one investigates, or dares to inquire. The Obi is—the Obi! a terrible fact, a curse, seldom or never a blessing to his neighbors. It is a most important truth to be known, that Obi, all-powerful for evil, seems impotent for good—and by his own confession, he can kill, but he cannot generate life—he can curse, but not bless. The Obi is a solitary being, a lover of caverns and deep forests, a feeder on strange meats, a hater of the light. From his seclusion he casts the darts of death, and never do they fail to strike. He dreads his own horrible faculty, and rolls upon the floor in speechless terror when summoned to do the work that men crave of him. But, whether unconscious agent or irresponsible, or no, Obi never fails. Pestilence is a weapon in his hand; dreams and apparitions are obedient to his will; all the baleful secrets of nature reveal themselves to his intuition—the deadly uses of herb and tree, and of animate and inanimate life.

I have but room for a very few of Joe's candid revelations. I choose those which may possibly explain in some degree the manner of Obi's working.

"How did you consult this fearful being, since he is as far away as the Blue Mountains?" I asked.

"Obi gave me a charm, which I wrap round my head at night, when I wish to see him. He never fails to appear in my dreams, and to tell me all I want to know."

"Has he given you any other charms?"

"One—a hunting charm. I never miss when I have it on me, and never hit when without it."

"Is it true that Obi delights in poisonings and frenzies?"

"I don't know. They say that if a man ask him for a poison or a philtre, he cannot refuse. I know nothing of that."

"Most of the Obis are women, are they not?"

"No," exclaimed the negro with contempt. "Obi has more work than he can do, and therefore gives power, for a short time, to the fetich women. But when the time is past, they are no stronger than other people, only they know the poisons and medicines. Then they go about doing mischief, until they're caught and hanged by the magistrates, or thrown into a creek at night by the negroes. Obi's never caught, nor dare any one touch him."

"Are there many Obis?"

"Only two in all Jamaica, and one of 'em's only a poor nigger, they say. But there's a plenty of your fetich women!"

So this savage discoursed to me sitting on a cotton-tree in the forest by the San Juan River. And the conclusion that rested on my mind, in regard to Obi, was this: if there be truth in mesmerism and electro-biology, there is the secret of his dreaded power; if there be not truth therein, then the trick of one is the trick of the other.

☞ An Irishman, on his way to Manchester, N. H., arrived at the forks of a road, where stood a sign-board which read thus: "Manchester, four miles." "Man chased her four miles! Be the holy poker I could have caught her meself in half the time."

Office-Seeking at Washington.

A woman writing from Washington to the Philadelphia Press, says, in reference to office-seekers: The "bar" is largely represented from the rural districts; the attaches of the press come in for a moderate share of the spoils; but the great majority of the swarm consists of men who have been either mentally or financially wrecked, and therefore come to Uncle Sam as a suffering child goes to an indulgent mother. No doubt many of these men feel that they can be of service to the country, for some such noble impulse must sustain them whilst they are undergoing this slow torturing martyrdom in Washington. The policeman who guards the door of the White House told your correspondent that as many as one hundred and fifty on the average came to see the President and departed every hour. The President receives the people between the hours of three and four P. M., one brief hour which, if chopped up into seconds, would not give the multitude a small fraction of an instant. And yet with this fact before their eyes, men, and women too, go day after day and sit in the anterooms of the mansion waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up." Oh, that the loving mothers and dutiful daughters of this broad land could be transported to Washington in the twinkling of an eye, and see with their own eyes this scramble for place and power. There are women enough here already for post-offices to give us a taste of the time, which we pray God may never come, when women too shall have the right to take a political mud-bath which only the divine strength of manhood can endure and not be morally shattered forever. If by any means the wives and mothers of this country could have a bird's-eye view of the political status in Washington, in the madness of their horror they would strangle every soreaia, and with their own hands shut up every so-called strong-minded woman in an insane asylum, and at the same time fling the keys of the hateful institution into the uttermost depths of the sea. Cleanse the cesspools of politics by going down into them wrapped up in the white garments of our womanhood! Never, ye bold and brazen wing of the sisterhood. Any woman who comes to Washington and fights for a post-office, deserves it as a free gift to help to ameliorate misfortune, because she happened to be born a constitutional mistake, for which she is for a whole lifetime wholly irresponsible.

The Poisons in the Kitchen.

A late English magazine contains the following relative to the poisons existing in many of our cooking utensils:

Human beings must have as many lives as cats are reputed to enjoy, to withstand the repeated poisonings which analysts and adulteration hunters declare them to undergo. Death is now-a-days acknowledged to lurk in well-nigh everything we eat and drink, and in some things that we wear. But we did not think of finding destruction in the pots, pans, and kettles of our households. Yet there we are assured it is. A practical chemist finding his family prostrated with gastric complaint that defied the doctors, searched vigorously for the cause, and traced it to copper and lead coming from cooking utensils and water-pipes. The tin with which vessels are lined is accepted as a safeguard against the communication of any poison from the metal of which they are made, but it may be a source of injury instead of a preventive. Thus-wise: cooks often only half-fill their saucepans, and then the flames that wrap around them overheat the portions above the liquid, and oxidize the tin. The liquid becomes impregnated with the metal, which, when it gets into the stomach, combines with the gastric juice and forms a most irritant poison. This is not all. Your modern tinman eke out his expensive metal, the tin, by a generous admixture of lead, which is much cheaper. Of lead-poisons I had something to say a few weeks ago. The too free use of this alloy is prevented by the paternal government of France, where the *ferblantier* [tinman,] is strictly watched. Our only resource would be to discard everything but iron, plain or enameled, for culinary articles, and this the cooks would never agree to. So we must take our poisons cheerfully.

☞ SNAKE BITES.—There is good reason to believe that in British India no fewer than ten thousand human beings perish annually from snake bites alone, besides the multitudes who are killed by tigers, bears, hyenas, panthers, and other wild animals.

☞ A certain queer genius, whose prominent speciality was an aversion to water, happened home late one night, with that peculiar, furry sensation about his tongue and tonsils which gentlemen who rejoice in Clubs will remember as part of their experience. His wife had left standing upon a bureau a tumbler, in which—for some purpose known to housewives—she had put a small ball of silken thread to soak. Without observing this fact, Bibulous seized the tumbler and swallowed its contents. Feeling a thread in his mouth, he began pulling upon it. To his horror, yard after yard came stringing forth, until, in an agony of excitement, he cried out: "Lucy, Lucy, for God's sake come here! I'm unravellin'."

☞ A little more than two centuries since a woman in this city (Boston) was condemned, according to law, to stand half an hour in front of the meeting-house on a lecture day, with her tongue hanging from her mouth in a cleft stick, "for speaking against the minister." How times have changed.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ They who teach the young idea how to ride are called Velocipedagogues.

☞ A history of Boston is going the rounds, which describes Faneuil Hall as the original Solomon's temple, and Boston Common as the garden of Eden with "modern improvements." The city is named after the famous Boston cracker.

☞ A convict named Nichols escaped from the Indiana Penitentiary last summer, imposing upon the guard by saying that the warden had sent him out to pick huckleberries. He wandered off to Nebraska, and the warden has recently received a letter from him, saying that he is sick, out of money, and very anxious to get back to the prison to serve his time out.

☞ Byron once royally snubbed a young American in Genoa, who called on him, and, during the conversation, was compelled to acknowledge that he had never seen Niagara. "Never seen Niagara! And travelling abroad! Good evening, sir."

☞ The *traces* of time are probably a portion of the *harness* of life.

☞ A baby advertised for adoption in London was wanted by 870 applicants, all of whom sent money as a pledge of good faith.

Whom Do Great Men Marry?

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and on the whole make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether it be good or bad.

Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plough-field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting, literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed, and sincere affection existed.

Shakspeare loved and wed a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same for the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with rolls of bread under his arms, and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife, and a sagacious empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "States Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

ANNEXATION MOVEMENT.—Mr. Chandler, in the U. S. Senate, recently offered the following resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs:—

Resolved, That in the judgment of the Senate, the true solution of all controversies between Great Britain and the United States will be found in a surrender of all British possessions in North America to the people of the United States, and that the President be, and he is hereby requested to open negotiations, as soon as practicable, for a settlement of all matters in dispute upon that basis.

In the Canadian House of Commons, on the 21st, the Hon. F. Galt gave notice that he would move papers relating to the cost incurred in defending the frontier in 1863 and 1864, and the subsequent expenses of a similar nature arising out of the threatened Fenian invasion, as constituting a claim for indemnity against the United States. He said the object of making the motion was to give members an opportunity of speaking upon the subject and expressing their views upon the speech of Senator Chandler, and the proceedings of the United States Senate.

☞ Parents and husbands do not know they are sapping the vital energies when they discountenance all recreation, and would confine themselves and families to one weary round of toil.

☞ An illiterate lady having occasion to borrow an Afghan, asked a neighbor to be "so very good as to lend her her *African*."

☞ John G. Saxe is responsible for the following paraphrase from Martial:

Your nose and eyes your father gave, you say;
Your mouth your grandsire; and your mother meek
Your fine expression; tell me now I pray,
Where in the name of heaven, you got your *cheek!*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been quiet. Sales of 8000 bbls at $5,50@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7,25 for Northwest family; $7@8 for Penna family; $8@9,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $10@12 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 30,000 bus red sold at $1,60@1,75; 15,000 bus amber at $1,80@1,90; 5000 bus No 1 spring at $1,50@1,54. Rye; 3000 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,45 ₩ bus. Corn; 40,000 bus prime yellow sold at 88@90c; 50,000 bus Western mixed at 81@86c. Oats; 15,000 bus sold at 74@76c for Western; 57@60c for Southern, and 65@70c ₩ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $22. Sales of Beef Hams are reported at $21,50. Green Meats—300 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17@17½c; and salt shoulders at 13@13½c.

BARK—50 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $52 ₩ ton.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1,40@1,50; mixed do $1,20@1,25; inferior do $1,00@1,25, and Straw $1,50@1,65.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

SEEDS—1000 bus Cloverseed sold at $5,50@9,25. Timothy—Sales of 300 bus at $4,50@4,75. Flaxseed is selling at $2,65@2,68 ₩ bushel.

☞ Some New York ladies ripped open two old pincushions, the other day, and found that fifteen hundred needles had slipped inside the cushions in the course of five years.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 7@9½c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 15,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

Lo's Bad Traits.

The Reese River Reveille says: It appears to us nearly impossible to feel any sympathy for the Indian—that is, for the "buck," the male of those lazy, sneaking, cowardly, cruel bipeds. In disposition they are akin to the coyote, with the addition of worse traits. They are utterly cruel to their beasts, and we can conceive no fate so hard for a horse as to have an Indian master. Is anything more shocking to manhood than cruelty to women and children? We saw this morning a party of Indians, consisting of two men, two women, and three children—little girls of six or eight years—coming up the grade. The men mountored in advance, with their blankets drawn around them and feathers in their hats, looking like a couple of monkeys. The women and children were bent double by their heavy loads of wood; indeed, the little girls were so tired with carrying what would be an armful for a man, that they could scarcely walk; and as they stopped to rest they were urged forward by the male beasts, who laughed and jeered at their distress. It were well that such men should become extinct.

Asthma.—Upwards of one thousand of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy* for Asthma. In no case of purely asthmatic character, has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases, a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety.

☞ It is said that fish may be kept alive for ten days or more without water by filling their mouths with crumbs of bread saturated with brandy, and pouring a little brandy in their stomachs, after which, in this torpid state, they may be packed in straw. They become alive in a few hours when again placed in fresh water.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases proscribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar6-eowtf

☞ John tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married men, wandering home late one night, stopping at what Thompson supposed to be his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanted? "Madam," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T—Thompson's house?" "No," replied the lady; "this is the house of Mr. Roger's." "Well," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "Mrs. T—T—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers—for Thompson wants to go home."

Who Says No, it Cannot be Done?

I tell you it is false. Catarrh can be radically cured. Use Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR. Pint bottles, $1, in white wrappers, or send to Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham square, N. Y., $5, for six pints, sent free of express charges; or one pint of Wolcott's PAIN PANEY, if you suffer any pain. ap24-2t

☞ A cattle buyer in Jefferson county, Iowa, kissed the wife of one of the natives. The indignant husband demanded twenty dollars in satisfaction. The drover handed out a $50 note, and the farmer paid $30 in change. The drover went on his way, and it was weeks before the farmer discovered that the bill was counterfeit.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & CO.,
159 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning: "*Fall to rising*, you spalpeen, *fall to rising!* Don't *stand* there *lying* in bed all day."

SOMETHING new for bar-rooms. Send 20 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. my1-4t

☞ Every member of the House of Commons, every peer of the realm, every prince, and even the Queen of England herself, must pay the postage on every thing they send through the mail.

Interesting to Ladies.

I have had one of Grover & Baker's machines in use *fourteen years*, during which time I have worked constantly on it, and it has never cost *one cent* for repairs. E. A. PAGE, Keene, N. H.

☞ We feel despondent. The correspondence on the Alabama claims has reached ten octavo volumes, of 800 pages each, yet the discussion must all be done over again.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the best pain reliever in the world; in cases of severe and dangerous burns and scalds, apply it freely, and at once the sufferer will be relieved, and easy in a few moments.

☞ What is the difference between an old married couple who stay at home and quarrel, and a young married couple who go skating and break through the ice? The first stay in and fall out; and the second go out and fall in.

Without a Good Digestion

All other temporal blessings are comparatively worthless. The dyspeptic millionaire who has tried all the potions of the medical profession in vain, and believes his complaint to be incurable, would give half his fortune to be freed from the horrors of indigestion, and thus enabled to enjoy the other half. *Of course he would.*

Perhaps HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS has been recommended to such a sufferer. Possibly he has turned from the friend who made the suggestion with a sneer, intimating that he has *no faith* in any "patent medicine." If this has been the case, *so much the worse for him.* His incredulity dooms him to a life of misery. All the luxuries which wealth can purchase are at his command. Not one of them can give him pleasure. His own irrational obstinacy is his bane.

The *masses*, happily for themselves, are less skeptical. There is such a thing as *bigoted unbelief*, as well as *bigoted credulity*, and a golden mean between the two, which men and women who are gifted with common sense adopt and profit by. These are the class that patronize and recommend HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Why do they approve this famous anti-dyspeptic and anti-bilious preparation? Simply because they have not been too much the slaves of senseless prejudice to give it a fair trial, and have found that when all other tonics, stimulants and stomachics failed, it produced the desired effect.

"Strike, but hear," said the Roman sage, when his ignorant enemies were assailing him. "Doubt, but try," says the man who has been cured of indigestion, or biliousness, or intermittent fever, by the Bitters, as he relates his experience of the medicine to his invalid friends. Whoever is so wedded to his own foregone theoretical conclusions, as to decline to test the properties of a medicine endorsed by the testimony of intelligent men in every walk of life, and approved by the people at large, *deserves to suffer.* my1-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of April, by the Rev. A. J. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM H. ERWEN to Miss LIZZIE FOWLER, both of this city.

On the 11th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM C. ELTON to Miss KATE C. SHARP, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FRANK L. PALMER to Miss ROSINA TAYLOR.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. B. F. MATHEWS to CARRIE G., daughter of the Rev. C. H. Whitecar.

On the 15th of April, by the Rev. T. W. Maclary, JOSEPH J. REEP to PAULINE VOLLMER, both of this city.

On the 15th of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH L. BURRIDGE to Miss KATE B. MILLER, daughter of Mr. Jacob Miller, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of April, Mr. WILLIAM J. STKER, aged 27 years.

On the 20th of April, SOPHIA S., daughter of the late Rev. Daniel Miller.

On the 20th of April, WILLIAM P. ATTMORE, in his 60th year.

On the 19th of April, Mr. SAMUEL RENNER, in his 43d year.

On the 19th of April, Mrs. SUSANNA KUNTZ, in her 24th year.

On the 18th of April, HELEN EDWARDS, aged 23 years.

On the 18th of April, ADAM GERHARD, in his 79th year.

On the 18th of April, Miss C. R. COOPER, aged 42 years.

On the 17th of April, Mrs. HANNAH SINKSON, in her 74th year.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

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A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and cheapest work of the kind published.

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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. jeff-tf

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy, on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man—
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot—
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong, and the roof be high,
Like an open turret towards the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man—
When shadows shall herald care:
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light—or door or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure; 'tis for life, young man—
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your title deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the "House not made with hands."

—*Packard's Monthly.*

"Gardening for Profit."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

There is a book which Mr. Greeley or some other wise vegetable philosopher says "shows how a young man may make a fortune without wandering away to Nevada or Montana for it." That was what we wanted. We wanted to make our fortune at our own door. So we sent for the valuable book called "Gardening for Profit." Now, the book called Gardening for Profit has nothing to do with *our* gardening for profit, be it understood. We thought we had all the science and art of gardening at our fingers-ends. We only sent for Mr. Peter Henderson's book because it looked learned. Mr. Peter Henderson is hereby fully exonerated from any share in the result.

We had magnificent ideas of gardening in the abstract. Great minds in all ages and nations have turned their mighty genius towards market gardening, pursuing it in the moral entertainment way. Cicero had a market garden at Tusculum. Virgil wrote the Georgics in honor of life in the country. The giant Antæus drew his strength from his mother earth. And many members of the United States Congress, in our own times, are farmers when they are at home. So you see market-gardening is both illustrious and honorable.

But we wanted something more than moral entertainment. We wanted to make our fortune without journeying to Nevada or Montana. To tell the truth, the sands of our pockets had nearly run out. It is a melancholy thought that a man's best trowsers are becoming shiny in the knees. It is sorrowfully suggestive when you take to inking the seams of your black kid gloves. Hence the reader will understand that we went into gardening for profit.

A light, sandy loam, well-enriched, was the kind to make gardening profitable, the books said. So we talked about guano, bone-dust, super-phosphates and subsoiling, till the American Agriculturist would have gone crazy to hear us. We discussed lime for cabbages, and carbolic acid for cucumbers. We were deep in the mysteries of the striped yellow bug and the shiny black bug. Finally we planted some tomato seeds in a box. I am sorry to say the experiment was not successful. In point of fact, the rats ate our tomato seeds up the first night. They subsoiled the earth in our box completely. We thought it was a *ratty* performance, on the whole.

After that we concluded that putting seeds in a box and covering them with earth, so that the poor rats would have to dig for them before eating them, was too hard on the rats. It was cruel to make the rats so much work. So we abandoned tomatoes. Then we turned our giant intellects in the direction of radishes. We were induced to cultivate radishes because we read that radishes produced more money to the acre than any other garden vegetable, besides being off the ground in time for a second crop of carrots or late cabbages. So we planted radishes. The books told us they would pay at the rate of $600 to the acre. But we did not plant an acre. We planted a bed six feet square.

One evening George brought home two neat, yellowish-brown packages, inscribed with letters and exclamation marks as thus:

"Radishes, Long Scarlet!
Warranted Fresh and Genuine!"

We decided to plant them in cold frames, and have them far in advance of the market. Whereupon we sent for two boxes of glass, to fill the sashes for our cold frames. We had the sashes made and sent home. We had them painted to protect them from the weather. Then we carried them out to where our radish-bed was to be, and one windy afternoon in the middle of March, George took off his coat, put his hand to the spade and looked not back.

"Be sure you make the ground rich, George. To make gardening profitable, the soil must be thoroughly enriched," said I, learnedly.

"Yes'm," answered George.

"The soil must be well pulverized," says George, after a bit.

I took on my shoulders the work of pulverizing the soil. I pulverized till near sundown. I combed the bed fore and aft with a fine-toothed rake, and threw out every stick as long as your finger, and every stone as big as a lump of sugar. I met with an accident in my work of pulverizing the soil. I am unfortunate in one respect. If I aim to throw a small object in any given direction, the moment it leaves my fingers, it invariably turns into a boomerang. It somehow becomes possessed of the strangest obliquity of direction, and when it does not come back and impinge upon my own unfortunate person, it is absolutely certain to go to exactly the opposite point from where I aimed it. I cannot understand this perverse peculiarity of sticks and stones at all.

Hence my accident. The bran-new sashes for our cold frames, resplendent in the March sun, leaned against the fence at the north end of our radish bed. To make assurance doubly sure, I started out full of a brave intention to throw all the stones out on the south end. I began my work of making myself useful. Presently there was a crash—then a tinkle—then silence.

I glanced up, full of a dim foreboding of evil. A shining section of one of our magnificent new sashes had disappeared!

George smiled grimly.

"When you want to throw a stone on that south side again, let me know, so I can go and stand there, and not run the risk of having one of *my* lights put out," he said.

I was exasperated, and threw a stone *at* him. I need not add that it struck an innocent log, close to myself, and subsided.

We planted our radish seed, and bought a thermometer to test the temperature. We went out every day and dug up two or three radish seeds, and pinched them open to see if they were sprouting. One morning I took my usual tour, and came back full of great news to tell.

"They've sprouted!"

Something had sprouted, evidently, which we watered every day and aired according to directions. Finally, madame went out to view our radishes. She looked at them a moment. We fancied we detected a faint smile on her visage. The smile deepened and broadened. In fact, madame laughed aloud. Wasn't it all right? we inquired, anxiously.

"It's owing to what you want to raise," said madame. "If you want a crop of black mustard, you'll have a fine one."

True enough, and our eagle had turned into a crow. Truth compels me to say that we had been carefully watering and tending a bed of weeds. In a day or two more, however, George came in wearing a face of solemn triumph. This time *he* made the grand announcement:

"They've sprouted!"

I hurried out. A few small, wrinkled, yellowish objects, each with a diminutive clod of dirt on its head, had made their appearance. The wrinkled, yellowish objects were radishes for sure. Madame said so. Then I went into the house and announced to the captain, sententiously:

"In three weeks we'll have radishes for Sunday dinner!"

But I am obliged to record, that soon another accident befell us. I verily believe that radish-bed was possessed. It must have been started the wrong time of the moon. I can account for our misfortunes in no other way.

Madame daily rejoiced in the ownership of two pigs. They were plump, saucy little fellows, were piggies, with bright, brisk eyes, and lively caudal extremities. Their innocent, piggish gambols were an object of admiration to George and myself, in common with the rest of the family. But we did not admire them quite so much afterwards. Admiration, be it known, depends on circumstances, and circumstances alter cases. One day we observed some tiny pig-tracks on the sash which protected our precious radishes. If you will pardon the obvious inelegance of expression, I would say that we smelt a mice in these pig-tracks. We watched suspiciously, and behold! next day we caught piggies in the very act of taking a promenade across the glass top of our cold-frame! That was bad enough, and the captain vowed he would shut them up. But like the man in the play, he only vowed it—he didn't do it; and a worse fate still was in store for us. One fine day it was quite warm, and we, left the sash entirely off our vegetables. Presently the captain came in, looking serious:

"George," says he, "I guess them blamed pigs have got into your radish-bed."

Such was the simple story of our new misfortune. The "blamed pigs" had executed a Black Crook dance over every square inch from centre to circumference of our radish-bed. The reader may fancy our feelings. Nevertheless, there was an alleviating circumstance. There is a tacit understanding between us two, that whenever any very outrageous evil comes upon us, as for instance the above, each of us will amiably endeavor to show the other how much each excels the other in respect to the divine virtue of patience. Therefore, in the said case, George—though I saw how he wanted to swear—only remarked, mild as new milk—

"We can soon plant some more."

"Yes, and we can soak them in warm water first, to make them come up sooner," answered I, even milder than new milk.

We thought of Tamerlane's spider which spun its thread a hundred and thirteen times, and felt encouraged. We bought some more "Long Scarlet!—Warranted Fresh and Genuine!" and soaked them in warm water.

"Smell it, George," said I, "and see if they are good seed."

George brought his nose within smelling range of the tea-cup containing our second fortune, and—withdrew it, sniffing considerably.

"It smells worse than an exploded humbug," said he.

We planted our second installment of radish-seeds—planted them very carefully this time. But we had too many to fill our bed, and half of them were left.

"We mustn't waste these," said George, solemnly. "We must be economical now at first."

A bright idea struck me.

"Why can't we plant 'em out doors? The books say radishes may be sown in the open ground, this time of year."

We concluded to plant them in the open ground. But it was late Saturday afternoon, and no open ground was ready for them. They would keep till Monday, madame said, if they were buried in a cold place. I am gratified to be able to say that what happened next, was brought about entirely by masculine wisdom. I wash my hands of that part of our misfortunes. George enveloped the remaining seeds in a stout, cotton cloth, called, in kitchen parlance, a *rag*, and then, like a wise philosopher, buried them in the hot-bed!

Monday we forgot all about them. Tuesday we recollected them. George prepared a proper place of reception, and then went to unearth our radish-seed. He was a long while about it. When he returned, he looked as if he had seen something unusual. In his hand he carried the most singular-looking ball! Imagine a porcupine, a hedge-hog, an irate pussy, anything, in short, which is rolled up round and stands out all over in bristles.

"Where is the radish-seed?" I asked.

He held up the singular-looking ball.

"I see you have discovered a natural curiosity, but why didn't you bring the radish-seed?"

George lapsed into slang.

"I tell you them's um," said he.

And it was. In their determination not to be cheated out of sprouting, the stubborn germs had forced their way clear through cotton cloth and all, and now stood out in a mass of bristling bayonets, defying time and tide.

"I don't see what made 'em act so," said George. "I buried them down deep in a corner of the hot-bed."

"In the *hot-bed!*" I broke out in wrath. "Didn't you have any more gumption than to put seeds in a hot-bed to keep them from sprouting?"

"I don't think I did," he answered, very meekly.

"A goose would have known better than that—I'd have known better myself," said I, consolingly.

Our radish-bed in the open ground was done for, of course, but meantime we took comfort that our radishes in the cold frame were growing so beautifully. They came up duly, yellow and wrinkled, with the little clod of dirt on their heads, at first, then they unfolded and grew greener every day. The pigs were shut up now, and not a cloud appeared to mar the fair sky of our prospects. Madame came out to see them, after they had begun to wear a handsome plume of green leaves. She looked doubtful.

"I'm afraid you've made the ground too rich, and your radishes 'll grow spindling," she said.

"But the books said the soil must be thoroughly enriched," I ventured to say, rather timidly.

"Well, maybe they'll do," she answered. "But I'm afraid they won't come to much."

A week or two more passed. Our radishes had the strangest faculty of flourishing like a green bay-tree at the top, and dwindling away to nothing at the root, somehow. And one morning George said:

"I guess your radishes are going to be all top and no tail."

My radishes indeed!

The books stated that the radishes would be ready to eat in four or five weeks. It was six weeks yesterday since we planted ours. At the present writing, each radish exhibits a luxuriant crown of bright green leaves held down to the ground by an elongated, diminutive red string. That is the present aspect of affairs. Occasionally the captain looks mildly over his spectacles at me and says:

"Are you going to let us have some radishes for dinner to-day?"

Mark Twain says somewhere that if cabbages were eleven dollars a head, Mr. Greeley's farming would pay. George and I have made a computation that if radishes were worth fifty cents a top, ours would bring us in enough to pay for our two boxes of glass.

The Luur.

I was travelling late one summer evening through one of the most lonely and picturesque valleys of the western coast of Norway. It was impassable for all save the sure-footed mountain-pony of that country, so that I preferred often to trudge a few miles on foot, my luggage, rods, &c., being strapped on the pony's back. It was one of those delicious evenings that are to be found, I think, only in northern latitudes; for, though it was close on midnight, the sun still shone on the tops of the mountains that hemmed in either side of the narrow valley; while below was quite light enough to read the smallest print with ease. My guide and pony were about a couple of hundred yards in front of me, for I loitered behind every now and then to admire the grandeur of the scene, or to watch the ever-shifting light on a distant glacier, which looked more like a sea of opal than anything else to which I can compare it. Indeed, every yard I advanced, there was something fresh to wonder at. Now it was a torrent falling perpendicularly downward from the heights above, and losing itself long ere it reached the bottom in masses of feathery spray, affording a wondrous display of aquatic fireworks; now it was a grand waterfall, leaping and dashing down the fjeld side in impetuous haste to reach the river, that fretted and chafed along like an angry serpent at the bottom of the valley. And yet, with all the din and noise of the roaring flood, there was a deathly, oppressive stillness. Not a breath of wind stirred, not a sound of animal life was heard, save here and there the tinkling of a distant cow-bell, the whirring of a goatsucker on the wing, or the splash of a salmon in the river below.

All at once, however, I was startled by hearing a loud though melodious sound far above my head among the rocks. It reminded me more of the Alpine horn than anything I had ever heard.

"What is that?" I inquired as I hastened on to catch up my guide.

"It is a *luur!*" was the reply. A *luur*, I must inform my readers, is a long horn made of birchen bark, which the peasants use to collect their cattle. It struck me at the time as being strange for people to be out at that time of night so late with their cattle; but my attention was soon diverted to other objects, and I daresay I dismissed the strangeness of the incident from my thoughts with the reflection that nothing could in truth be strange in a country where day and night were one.

Before long, I arrived at the farm-house where I was expected, and where I intended staying a few weeks salmon-fishing. Late though it was, my host was waiting to receive me. He was a middle-aged man, with long flaxen hair flowing down to his shoulders, and was dressed in full national costume. He greeted me in true Norwegian style, and after expressing his fears that I must be weary, led the way into the house, where an ample supper was laid out for me. I had an introduction to him from a friend of his in Christiania, who promised me some excellent fishing, if I would consent to put up with a rough life for a few weeks.

Ingebret—such was the name in which my host rejoiced—was a tall, broad-built man. His features were finely chiselled; in fact, he was a person who could not fail to attract attention wherever he might be. He was a widower, but his only daughter, Ingeleiv, lived at home with him, and managed his domestic affairs for him. These two, with some half-dozen farm-servants and their families, who lived in huts close by the farm-house, formed the whole population to be found for a distance of several miles. Ingeleiv was a true specimen of a Norwegian mountain beauty: tall in figure like her father, with the same auburn hair, and blue melting eyes, she presented a picture that an artist would have loved to paint.

'Twas beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

There was a something, too, about her that attracted my attention; perhaps it was her bearing, approaching almost to stateliness, that struck me. At all events, she seemed immeasurably superior to what a Norwegian farmer's daughter usually is.

But before retiring to bed, my host informed me, to my surprise, that he was a lineal descendant of the great Harald Haarfager ("fair-haired"). His family, he said with an air of conscious dignity, had never mingled with any who were not of royal blood. He was the last of his race, and before he died, he hoped to see his daughter married to a cousin of his, who lived I forget where.

How strange it all seemed to me! There, amid the fastness of the mountains, to meet with a man who could trace his descent from kings whose names have left a stamp on the page of history. Turning these things over and over in my mind, I soon fell into a peaceful slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by hearing the same plaintive sound of the luur on the mountain side opposite. I sprang out of bed, and throwing the window open, distinctly heard a voice calling or rather singing in a melodious key: "How is ——?" And here followed a word I could not catch; and then another voice at a long distance off took up the strain, and made some reply in the same harmonious key. I listened to hear it repeated, but all was still; so again seeking my couch, I resumed my dream about monstrous salmon and countless herds of reindeer.

Next morning, I was soon down; and as Ingeleiv was laying out breakfast for me in the large kitchen, her father came in from seeing after his farm, and made earnest and polite inquiries about the way in which I had passed the night.

"Famously!" I answered; "but some of your people were early astir, for I could hear two voices on yonder mountains as if after the cows;" and putting my hands to my mouth I imitated as well as I could the sound I had heard.

"Strange!" he answered, "for I have no cattle on the mountain this summer.—Did you hear it, Inga?" turning to his daughter.

But Inga's averted face, which was the color of scarlet, plainly showed me that she did know something more about it than her father knew. So thinking it might be a lover, and that they were obliged to adopt this method of courting, or of "luring" each other, I quickly turned the subject and spoke of other things. From that day, however, Ingeleiv avoided me, and thus deprived me of any opportunity of finding out the mystery of the luur.

I will not fatigue my reader by dwelling on the sport I had with the salmon, nor yet on the excursions I made after reindeer in company with my host, who was a clever hunter and capital shot; suffice it to say, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. But alas! it was time for me to think of leaving; and I was the more sorry, because I could see that Inga was evidently unhappy, and wore about her pretty and formerly cheerful face an air which betokened great mental suffering.

It was late in the evening when I bade my kind friends adieu, for I wished again to traverse that mountain valley by night. My *skyds-boy* (they call them all boys in Norway, whether they be old men, or even of the opposite gender,) or post-boy, was an intelligent youth of two or three and twenty years. We soon became great friends, and in less than half an hour he had communicated the history of his life to me. "He had been educated as a schoolmaster," he said, "but was now only a laboring servant on an adjacent farm."

"Everybody seems to fall instead of rise in these parts," I thought to myself, when he had concluded his tale. Our road lay up a steep rocky path. Carl—such was the lad's name—was leading the pony in front by the bridle, while I as usual was sauntering behind to catch a last long look of the lovely scene, when again I was aroused from my reverie by seeing him place his hands to his mouth, and directing his voice towards the mountains, send forth a plaintive sound. In a few seconds I heard it thrown back from the rocks, and should doubtless have thought it was but the echo, had not the waving of a woman's garment two hundred feet above my head attracted my eye.

"I will find out this mystery before I go," I said aloud, for, indeed, so engrossed had I been with fishing and shooting, that it had quite escaped my memory. "Carl," I said, "what is that?"

He seemed quite taken aback at the suddenness of the question, but laughed it off by saying he was only calling for amusement.

"But I tell you, some one answered you up yonder; and see, she is waving her hand towards us. I will go and see; do you wait below."

And in a few moments I had clambered up the hillside to where I had fancied I had seen the woman standing. She was no longer visible; but I observed a low hut built of leafy boughs, a few paces off, nearly hidden behind a rocky ledge.

Carl now caught me up, and tried to dissuade me from entering; but the despair depicted on his face only made me the more resolved to carry out my determination, so, pushing him back, I opened the door and entered the hut.

A strange sight met my eye. On the middle of the floor was a little cradle, in which a rosy-cheeked baby lay sleeping, while kneeling down by its side, as if keeping guard over her child's slumber, was its mother. She raised her head on my approach, and I saw, to my astonishment, that it was none other than the pretty daughter of my host. "Ingeleiv!" I said, "you here!" as the whole mystery now lay open before me.

"Oh, tell him, Carl!" she answered, bowing her head down, as if afraid to look me in the face—"tell him! I know he is a kind man, and may help us!"

Thus solicited, Carl narrated to me the following touching tale:

They had been brought up together, he said, from childhood, and what wonder if they became all in all to each other. He knew he was not worthy of her, and that Ingebret would never give his daughter to him—a common farming-man. But he would make himself worthy of her; and so he studied hard at his books, and with the help of the good pastor, had hoped to be able to take a post as schoolmaster (an office held in great respect among the peasantry.) But it was all in vain; he had no royal blood in his veins; and neither prayers nor entreaties could move the stern old man from his purpose of wedding his daughter to one of the same family with herself. "Then," said Carl, "I was miserable, and thought I had better leave the world as quickly as I could, for there was nothing in it worth living for now. But she came to me, just as I was about to—" and his voice failed as he came to this part of his story, "and promised to share weal or woe with me, and in a weak moment I consented. And now—now—she is made as wretched as myself; and I—I alone am her destroyer."

Words would fail me were I to attempt to describe the scene that followed the conclusion of his simple but touching tale; indeed, I was so moved myself at the distress of the two young people, that it is best to draw a veil over it.

"But where has the child been all this while?" I inquired.

"Here, sir!" answered Carl. "I built this hut, and Ingeleiv and I take it in turns as we can to be with it."

"And how far is this from your father's house?" I inquired of Ingeleiv.

"About three miles; but Carl has twice that distance to go;" and the tears rolled fast down her cheek.

"You see, sir," added Carl, "as yet during the summer we have been able to manage; but now that the days are becoming shorter and shorter, and winter is coming on. God above only knows what will be the end of it." And here Carl followed Ingeleiv's example, and cried like a child.

"Well, cheer up, my friends; I'll do what I can to help you; but you must agree to act according to my directions. Let us wait till to-morrow, however; it is too late to think of doing anything at this late hour." So spreading my rug down on the ground, and making a pillow of my knapsack, and lighting that unfailing source of consolation, a good cigar, I lay down and smoked, thought over the best plan to be adopted to make things smooth, and then fell asleep.

Next morning, we all set out for Ingeleiv's house. I need not say how surprised my old friend was to see me return so quickly.

"What! you couldn't leave the salmon then?" he said.

Meanwhile, Carl had taken the child, and loitered a little behind on the road, while Ingeleiv slipped into the house unobserved.

"Yes," I said, entering the house; and then after a few commonplace remarks, I led the conversation to a topic on which the old man never wearied of hearing himself or others talk—namely, the old kings of Norway. But I was determined not to humor him to his full bent this time; for when he got on his favorite hobbyhorse, it was difficult to stop him; so I turned the conversation to hard-hearted parents and ill-assorted marriages, and told him about Philip of Spain, D'Aguesseau, and others; and then, when I saw I had made some impression—for the old man received any historical fact, especially when it related to the great of the earth, with implicit confidence—and had excited his curiosity, I concocted a little history exactly similar in all respects to that of Ingeleiv and Carl; and when I had concluded, I took down two books from the book-shelf, which gave evident signs of having been well studied.

"Here, Ingebret," I said, taking up one—it was his favorite book—the History of the Kings of Norway—"here is a book which tells you all about the lives and deaths of royalty; but here is a book" (it was the Bible) "which teaches us that in God's sight, who is King of all kings, we all are equal. Humility, forgiveness, and love are the lessons it teaches us." And then running out of the room, and fetching back the infant in a trice, I laid it in his arms, saying:—"And there is your daughter's child, Ingebret, and it prays through me that you will not repulse your own blood from you; remember, too, that the blood of old Harald Haarfager is flowing in its veins."

It was a strange way of breaking news, dear reader, you may perhaps say; and you are quite right. But still I think it was the most effective way I could have adopted. That last touch about the child being of royal descent was, I have ever since thought, the most masterly and diplomatic thing I ever did in my life. A death-like paleness came over the old man's face. I felt it was a critical moment, and I did not keep silence. Never, I am sure, did I talk so fast, beg, pray, or entreat so hard as I did then. At last he began to relent; for at first he was all for driving his daughter out from home and hearth. Not that he would have done it, I am sure, for he loved her dearly. But by degrees, when the first shock was over, and when Inga had thrown herself down on the floor, and had embraced his knees, begging for mercy for herself and helpless babe, the rigid muscles of his face began to quiver, and he burst into tears.

"Nothing like a good cry," I thought to myself, as I hurried out to fetch in Carl; "it does man and woman good when practiced in moderation."

Carl was not slow to follow Inga's example; and at last, when I fairly saw the baby still in the old man's arms, while Inga and Carl were at his feet, I thought the tableau did not require the addition of myself, so I retreated and had a pipe over it. How fragrant that pipe of tobacco tasted! for had I not made peace—had I not brought joy to two sorrowing hearts?

Going away next day, or the next, or the next to that, was quite out of the question. I was obliged to complete what I had begun; so I spent my time till the wedding-day, fishing and shooting, and otherwise amusing myself, happy in the consciousness that I had at last really done a good thing in my life.

I was Carl's best man! What a wedding-dinner we had!—and what speeches! Of course my health was drunk; and if only Carl had not dwelt too much on my extraordinary virtues, I should have said he had made a most *apropos* speech for a bridegroom.

I often go to see my old Norwegian friends and to fish. The old man has gone to his fathers; but Carl and Inga, and a whole tribe of olive-branches, look for my coming regularly when the salmon begin to run up the river.

THE FAIREST ALWAYS THE RAREST.

Thus it is all over the earth!
That which we call the fairest
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
And gluts the laggard forges;
But gold flakes gleam in dim defiles
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide beneath the sand
Their starry edges.

☞ "Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who had a collection of animals, of his friend Bottles. "No, I haven't. Whom did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

"If we don't have games, what, in the name of common sense, shall we have?"

Father, what shall we do?
Mother, can you tell,
What we shall do that isn't wrong,
Or that doesn't lead to hell?
Parents, we leave it with you.
What shall we have for the weary hour,
That isn't wrong to do?

Since games are foolish and wicked,
And boyish sports are wrong,
Then, "what in the name of common sense,"
Shall keep us from plodding along,
And being old people like you,
Before it is time for youth to age,
For want of something to do?

Father, what shall we do?
Shall we plod upon the farms,
With nothing of life but the living itself,
And not the least of its charms?
Shall we be old like you?
Shall youth be robbed of its youthfulness,
With nothing but work to do?

Since *all* games lead to gambling,
And base ball is base indeed,
Then, "what in the name of common sense,"
Shall keep us from going to seed?
Shall we fold our arms like you,
And give up the ghost of our childhood,
For want of something to do?

Mothers, what shall we do
That doesn't lead to evil?
Will keeping away from these "wicked games"
Keep us away from the devil?
Does the devil hold, think you,
A mortgage in full on the youngster's heart
Who plays for something to do?

Shall we have no innocent game,
Because some have fallen thereby?
If an apple is pierced by a treacherous worm,
Shall we say that the *tree* shall die?
Or nourish the tree anew,
And, fighting the evil that led to the fall,
Still save us something to do?

Fathers, what shall we do?
Mothers, can you tell,
"What in the name of common sense,"
Will fill up the hours so well,
As a home-played game or two,
That will keep us away from the haunts of vice,
And something worse to do?

YUKON RIVER: BREAKING UP OF THE ICE IN SPRING.

Mr. Whymper, in his recently published "Travels in Alaska," says of this new portion of the Union, that game and salmon are very abundant. He explored the Yukon river, which he compares with the Mississippi. It is a mile and a quarter broad, 600 miles from its mouth—its tributary streams are really mighty rivers. It has been penetrated to the extent of 1,800 miles. Our engraving represents Mr. Whymper, on his exploration of this mighty river.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN LOVE.

Robert Hunter sat in his chambers—as it is the fashion to call offices now. They were in a good position in Westminster, and he was well established; he had set up for himself, and was doing fairly—not yet making gold by shovelsful, as engineers are reputed to have done of late years, but at least earning his bread and cheese, with every prospect that the gold was coming.

Plans were scattered on the desk at which he sat; some intricate calculations lay immediately before him. He regarded neither. His eyes were looking straight out at the opposite wall, a big chart of some district being there, but he saw it not; nothing but vacancy. Very unusual indeed was it for Robert Hunter the practical to allow his thoughts to stray away in the midst of his work, as they had done now.

During the past few months a change had come over his heart. It was of a different nature from that which, some two or three years before, after the death of his wife, had changed himself—changed as it seemed his whole nature, and made a man of him. Even now he could not bear to look back upon the idle, simple folly in which his days had been passed; the circumstances that had brought this folly home to his mind, opened his eyes to it, as it were, had no doubt caused him to acquire a very exaggerated view of it; but this did no harm to others, and worked good for himself.

With the death of his wife, Robert Hunter had, so to say, put aside the pleasant phase, the ideal view of life, and entered on the hard, the stern, the practical—as he thought forever. He had not calculated well in this. He forgot that he was still a young and attractive man (though his being attractive or the contrary was not at all to the purpose); he forgot that neither the feelings nor the heart can grow old at will. It might have been very different had his heart received its death-blow; but it was nothing but his conscience; for he had not loved his wife. But of that he was unconscious until lately.

Love—real love—the sweet heart's dream that can never but once visit either man or woman, had come stealing over Robert Hunter. Never but once. What says a modern poet?

"Few hearts have never loved; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion. None a third.
The first was living fire; the next, a thrill;
The weary heart can never more be stirred:
Rely on it, the song has left the bird."

Truer words were rarely said or sung. The one only glimpse of Paradise vouchsafed to us on earth—a transitory glimpse at the best—cannot be repeated a second time. When it flies away it flies forever.

Ah, how different it was, this love, that was making a heaven of Robert Hunter's life, from that which had been given to his poor dead wife—the child-wife, who had been so passionately attached to him! He understood her agony now—when she had believed him false to her; when he, her heart's idol, had apparently gone over to another's worship—he did not understand it then. When inclined to be very self-condemnatory, to bring his sins and mistakes palpably before him, he would ask himself, looking back, what satisfaction he had derived from my *Lady* Ellis's society, taking it at its best. A few soft glances; a daily repetition of some sweet words; a dozen kisses—they had not been more—snatched from her face; and some hand pressing when they met or parted. Literally this was all; there had been nothing, nothing more; and Mr. Hunter had not even the poor consolation of knowing now that any love whatever on his side, or hers, had entered into the matter from the beginning to the ending. It was for this his wife had died; it was for this he had laden his conscience with a weight that could never wholly leave it. He was not a heathen; and when, close upon the death, remorse had pressed sorely upon him, an intolerable burthen of sin grievous to be borne, he had, in very pity for his own miserable state, carried it where he had never before carried anything. Consolation came in time, a sense of mercy, of help, of pardon; but the *recollection* could never be blotted out, or the sense of too late repentance quit him.

He remembered still; he repented yet. Whenever the past occurred to him, it brought with it that terrible conviction—a debt of atonement owing to the dead, which can never be rendered—and Robert Hunter would feel the most humble man on the face of the earth. This sense of humiliation was no doubt good for him; it came upon him at odd times and seasons, even in the midst of the new passion that filled his heart.

"Shall I ever win her?" he was thinking to himself, seated at his for once neglected desk. "Nay, must I ever dare to tell her of my love? A flourishing engineer, with his name up in the world, and half a score important undertakings in progress, might be deemed a fitting match for her by her people at the Red Court; but what would they say to *me*? I am not to be called flourishing yet; my great works I must be content to wait for; they will come; I can foresee it; but before then some man with settlements and a rent-roll may have stepped in."

It was not a strictly comforting prospect certainly, put in this light; and Mr. Hunter gave an impatient twist to some papers. But he could not this morning settle down to work, and the meditations began again.

"I know she loves me; I can see it in every turn of her beautiful face, hear it in every tone of her voice. This evening I shall see her; this evening I shall see her! Oh, the—"

"Mr. Barty is here, sir."

The interruption came from a clerk; it served to recall his master to what he so rarely forgot, the business of every-day life. Mr. Barty was an eminent contractor, and Robert Hunter's hopes went up to fever-heat as he welcomed him. One great work entrusted to him from this great man, and the future might be all plain sailing.

He was not wholly disappointed. Mr. Barty had come to offer him business; or rather to pave the way for it; for the offer was not positively entered on then, only the proposed work—a new line of rail—discussed. There was one drawback—it was a line abroad—and Robert Hunter did not much like this.

Mary Anne Thornycroft had not many friends in London; nearly all her holidays during the half-year had been passed at Mrs. Macpherson's. Susan Hunter invariably accompanied her; and what more natural than that Robert should (invited, or uninvited, as it might happen) drop in to meet his sister? There had lain the whole thing—the intercourse afforded by these rather frequent meetings—and nothing more need be said; they had fallen in love with one another.

Yes. The singular attraction each had seemed to possess for the other the first time they met, but increased with every subsequent interview. It had not needed many. Mary Anne Thornycroft, who had scarcely ever so much as read of the name of love, had lost her heart to this young man, the widower Robert Hunter, entirely and hopelessly. That he was—at any rate at present—no suitable match for her, she never so much as glanced twice at; the Thornycrofts were not wont to regard expediency when it interfered with inclination. Not a word had been spoken; not a hint given; but there is a language of the heart, and they had become versed in it. Clever Mrs. Macpherson, so keen-sighted generally in the affairs of men and women, never so much as gave a thought to what was passing under her very eyes; Miss Hunter, who had discernment too, was totally blind here. As to the professor, with his spectacled eyes up aloft in the sky or buried in the earth, it would have been far too much to suspect him of seeing it. A very delightful state of things for the lovers.

When Robert Hunter reached Mrs. Macpherson's that dark December evening, he saw nobody in the drawing-room. He had been invited to dinner; five o'clock sharp, Mrs. Macpherson told him; for the professor had an engagement at six which would keep him out, and she did not intend that he should depart dinnerless.

This was Miss Thornycroft's farewell visit; in two days she was going home for Christmas, not again to return to school. She had invited Susan Hunter (who would remain at school until March), to come down during the holidays and spend a week at the Red Court Farm; and her brother was to accompany her.

It wanted a quarter to five when Mr. Hunter entered. The drawing-room was not lighted, and at first he thought no one was in it. The large fire had burned down to red embers; as he stood before it, his head and shoulders reflected in the pier-glass, he (perhaps unconsciously) ran his hand through his hair—hair that was darker than it used to be; the once deep auburn had become a reddish-brown, and—*and*—some gray threads mingled with it.

"How vain you are!"

He started round at the sound—it was the voice he loved so well. Half buried in a lounging chair in the darkest corner was she. She came forward, laughing.

"I did not see you," he said, taking her hand. "You are here alone!"

A conscious blush tinged her cheeks; she knew that she had stayed in the room to wait for him.

"They have gone somewhere, Susan and Mrs. Macpherson—to see a new cat of the professor's, I think. I have seen so many of those stuffed animals."

"When do you go down home?"

"The day after to-morrow. Susan has fixed the second week in January for her visit. Will that time suit you?"

"The time might suit," he replied, with a slight stress on the word "time," as if there were something else that might not. "Unless, indeed—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I should have left England, I was going to say. An offer has been made me to-day—or rather, to speak more correctly, an intimation that an offer is about to be made me—of some work abroad. If I accept it, it will take me away for a couple of years."

She glanced up, and their eyes met. A yearning look of love, of dire tribulation at the news, shone momentarily in hers. Then they were bent on the carpet, and Mr. Hunter looked at the fire—the safest place just then.

"Are you obliged to accept it?" she inquired.

"Of course not. But it would be very much to my advantage. It would pave the way for—for—" He hesitated.

"For what?"

"Wealth and honors. I mean such honors (all might not call them so) as are open to one of my profession."

A whole array of sentences crowded into her mind—begging him not to go; what would the days be without the sunshine of his presence? They should be far enough apart as things were; he in London, she at home;—but the other separation hinted at would be like all that was good in life dying out. This, and a great deal more, lay in her thoughts; what she said, however, was cold and quiet enough.

"In the event of your remaining at home, then, the second week in January would suit you? It is Susan who has fixed it."

Not immediately did he reply. Since the first intimation of this visit to Coastdown, a feeling of repugnance to it had lain within him; an instinct, whenever he thought of it, warning him against accepting it. Ah! believe me, these instinctive warnings come to us. They occur oftener than we, in our carelessness, think for. Perhaps not one in ten of them is ever noticed, still less heeded; we go blindly on in disregard; and, when ill follows, scarcely ever remember that the warning voice, if attended to, would have saved us.

Just as Robert Hunter disregarded this. But for his visit, destined to take place at the time proposed, the great tragedy connected with the Red Court Farm had never taken place.

Stronger than ever was the deterring warning on him this evening. He said to himself that his repugnance lay in the dislike to be a guest in any house that Lady Ellis was connected with; never so much as thinking of any other cause. He fully assumed there would be no chance of meeting herself: he knew she lived in Cheltenham. Miss Thornycroft had once or twice casually mentioned her stepmother's name in his presence, but he had not pursued the topic; and the young lady did not know that they had ever met.

"You do not reply to me, Mr. Hunter. Would the time be inconvenient for you?"

"It is not that," he answered, speaking rather dreamily. "But—I am a stranger to your father: would he like me to intrude, uninvited by himself?"

"It would be a strange thing if I could not invite a dear school friend, as Susan is, down for a week, and you to accompany her," returned Miss Thornycroft, rather hotly. "You need not fear; papa is the most hospitable man living. They keep almost open house at home."

"You have brothers," returned Mr. Hunter, seeking for some further confronting argument. At which suggestion a ray of anger came into Miss Thornycroft's blue haughty eyes.

"As if my brothers would concern themselves with me or my visitors! They go their way, and I intend to go mine."

"Your stepmother—"

"She is nobody," quickly interposed Miss Thornycroft, mistaking what he was about to say. "Lady Ellis lives in Cheltenham. She is ill, and Coastdown does not suit her."

"Why does she still call herself Lady Ellis?" he asked, the question having before occurred to him.

"It is her whim. What does it signify? She is one of the most pretentious women you can imagine, Mr. Hunter—quite a parvenu, as I have always felt—and 'my lady' is sweeter to her ears than 'madam.'"

"What is it that is the matter with her?"

"It is some inward complaint; I don't quite understand what. The last time I saw my brother Cyril, he told me she was growing worse; that there was not the least hope of her cure."

"She does not come to the Red Court?"

"No, thank fortune! She has not been there at all during this past year. I believe she is now too ill to come."

Mr. Hunter glanced at the speaker with a smile. "You do not seem to like her."

"Like her! Like Lady Ellis! I do not think I could pretend to like her if she were dead. You do not know her."

A flush of remembrance darkened the brow of Robert Hunter. Time had been when he knew enough of her.

"She is a crafty, wily, utterly selfish woman," pursued Miss Thornycroft, who very much enjoyed a fling at her stepmother. "How ever papa came to be taken in by her—but I don't care to talk of *that*."

She seized the poker and began to crack the fire into a blaze. Mr. Hunter took it from her, and he adroitly kept her hand in his.

"Had she been a different woman, good and kind, she might have won me over to love her. The Red Court wanted a mistress at that time, as papa thought; and, to confess it, so did I. A little self-willed, perverse girl I was, rebellious to my French governess, perpetually getting into scrapes, running wild indoors and out."

Entirely unconscious was Miss Thornycroft how mistaken was one of her assumptions—"papa thought the Red Court wanted a mistress." Mr. Thornycroft had been rather too conscious that it did *not* want one, looking at it from his point of view; though his daughter did.

"Ah, well; let bygones be bygones. You will promise to come, Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes," he answered, in teeth of the voice that seemed to haunt him. "If I have not gone away from England on this expedition, I will come."

"Thank you," she said, with a soft flush.

He turned and looked fully at her. Her hand was in his, for he had not relinquished it. Only about half a minute had he held it; it takes longer to tell these things than to act them. The poker was in his other hand, and he put it down with a clatter, which prevented their hearing the footsteps of Mrs. Macpherson on the soft carpet outside. The discreet matron, glancing through the partially open door, took the view of what she saw with her keen brain, and stood transfixed.

"My heart alive, is there anything between *them*?" ran her surprised thoughts. "Well, that would be a go! Robert Hunter ain't no match for her father's child. Hand in hand, be they! and his eyes dropped on her face as if he was a-hungering to eat it. Not in this house, my good gentleman."

With a cough and a shuffling, as if the carpet had got entangled with her feet, Mrs. Macpherson made her advent known. When she advanced into the room the position of the parties had changed: he was at one corner of the fireplace, she at the other, silent, demure, innocent-looking both of them as two doves.

Not a word said Mrs. Macpherson. Miss Hunter came in, the professor followed, the announcement of dinner followed him. And somehow there arose no further opportunity for as much as a hand-shake between the suspected pair. But on the next day Mrs. Macpherson drove round to Miss Jupp's, and made to that lady a communication.

"I don't say as it is so, Miss Jupp; mind that; their fingers might have got together accidental. I am bound to say that I never noticed nothing between 'em before. But I'm a straightforward body, liking to go to the root o' things at first with folks, and do as I'd be done by. And goodness only knows what might have become of us if I'd not been, with the professor's brain a-lodging up in the skies! I'll go to Miss Jupp, says I to myself last night; and here I am."

"I think—I hope that it is quite unlikely," said Miss Jupp; beginning, however, to feel uncomfortable.

"So do I. I've told you so. But it was my place to come and put you on your guard. I declare to goodness that never a thought of such a thing struck me, or you may be sure I'd not have had Robert Hunter to my house when she was there. 'When the steed's stole, one locks the stable door.'"

"Miss Hunter tells me that she and her brother are going to spend a week at Coastdown."

"And so much the better," said Mrs. Macpherson, emphatically. "If there *is* anything between 'em, her folks won't fail to see it, and they can act accordingly. And now that I've done my duty, and had my say, I'll be going."

"Thank you," said Miss Jupp. "Is the professor well?"

"As well as getting up at three o'clock on a winter's morning and starting off in the dark and cold 'll let him be," was the response. I told him last night he shouldn't go; there's no sense in such practices; but he wouldn't listen. It's astronomical this time."

Watching her departure, remaining for a few minutes in indecisive thought, Miss Jupp at length made up her mind to speak, and sent for Mary Anne Thornycroft. No provision was on the young lady's mind of the lecture in store; upright, elegant, beautiful, in she swept and stood calmly before her governess. Miss Jupp spoke considerately, making light of the matter, merely saying that Mrs. Macpherson thought she and Mr. Hunter were rather fond of "talking" together.

"I thought it as well just to mention it to you, my dear; school-girls—and you are but one as yet, you know—should always be reticent."

Mary Anne Thornycroft's haughty blue eyes, raised in general so fearlessly, drooped before Miss Jupp's gaze, and her face turned to a glowing crimson. Only for a moment: the next she was looking up again, *meeting* the gaze and answering with straightforward candor.

"Nothing has ever passed between me and Mr. Hunter that Mrs. Macpherson might not have heard and seen. I like Mr. Hunter very much. I have frequently met him there; but why should Mrs. Macpherson seek to make mischief out of that?"

"My dear girl, she neither seeks to make mischief nor has she made any. All I would say to you—leaving the past—is a word of caution. At your age, with your good sense, you cannot fail to be aware that it is advisable young ladies should be circumspect in their choice of acquaintances. A mutual inclination is sometimes formed, which can never lead to fruition, only to unhappiness."

Mary Anne did not answer, and the eyes dropped again.

"I have a great mind to tell you a little episode of my life," resumed poor Miss Jupp, her cheeks faintly flushing. "Such an inclination as I speak of arose between me and one with whom, many years ago when out on a visit, I was brought into daily contact. We learnt to care for each other as much as it is possible for people to care in this world. So much so, that when it was all past and done with, and I received an excellent proposal of marriage, I *could* not accept it. That early attachment was the blight of my life, Mary Anne. Instead of being a poor school-mistress, worried with many anxieties—a despised old maid—I should now have been a good man's wife, the mistress of a prosperous home."

Miss Jupp kept her rising tears down; but Mary Anne Thornycroft's eyes were glistening.

"And that first one, dear Miss Jupp: could you not have married him?"

"No, my dear. Truth to tell, he never asked me. He dared not ask me; it would have been quite unsuitable. Believe me, many an unmarried woman could give you the same history nearly word for word. Hence you see how necessary it is to guard against an intimacy with unsuitable acquaintances."

"And you put Mr. Hunter into the catalogue?" returned Miss Thornycroft, affecting to speak lightly.

"Most emphatically—as considered in relation to you," was Miss Jupp's answer. "Your family will expect you to marry well, and you owe it to them to do so. Mr. Hunter is in every respect unsuitable. Until recently he was only a clerk; he has his own way to carve yet in the world; he is much older than you; and—he has been already married."

"Of course I know all that," said Miss Thornycroft, with the deepest color that had yet come over her. "But don't you think, ma'am, it would have been quite time to remind me of this when circumstances called for it?"

"Perhaps not. At any rate, my dear, the warning can do you no harm. If unrequired in regard to Mr. Hunter—as indeed I believe it to be—it may serve you in the future."

Miss Jupp said no more. "I have put it strong," she thought to herself, as the young lady curtsied and left the room. "It was well to do so."

"Engineers rise to honors, as he said, and I know he is going on for them," quoth Mary Anne Thornycroft, with characteristic obstinacy, slowly walking along the passage. "I should never care for any one else in the world. As to money, I daresay I shall have plenty of that; so will he when he has become famous."

They travelled to Coastdown together—Isaac Thornycroft and his sister, Mrs. Copp Anna Chester, as we must continue to call her—by a pleasant coincidence, as it was deemed by Miss Thornycroft. Mrs. Copp, living upon thorns—but that is a very faint figure of speech to express that timid lady's state of mind—was ready some days before, but had to wait the arrival of Anna. Isaac kept her out longer than the week, getting back just in time to take charge of his sister.

As they sat in the carriage together, what a momentous secret it was that three of them held, and had to conceal from the fourth? If Anna's eyes were bright with happiness, her cheeks looked pale with apprehension; and Mrs. Copp might well shiver, and lay it upon the frost. Not so Isaac. Easy, careless, gay, was he—"every inch a bridegroom." After all, there was not so very much for *him* to dread. It was expedient to keep his marriage secret, if it could be kept so; if not, why he must face the explosion at home as he best could; the precautions he had taken would ward off reproach from his wife.

"Here's Jutpoint!" exclaimed Mary Anne Thornycroft. "How glad I am to come back!"

"How glad I should be if I were going away from it!" thought poor Mrs. Copp.

As they were getting out of the carriage, Isaac contrived to put his arm before Anna,

an intimation that he wanted to detain her. The others were suffered to go on.

"What makes you look so pale?"

"Oh, Isaac! can you ask? Your father—my uncle—may be here waiting for us. I feel sick and faint at the thought of meeting them."

"But there's no reason in the world why you should. One minute after seeing them the feeling will wear off. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

"If they should suspect!—if they should have heard! It seems to me people need only look in my face to learn all. I have never once met your sister's eyes freely in coming down."

He laughed lightly.

"Reassure yourself, my darling. There's no fear that it will be known one hour before we choose it should be."

"I am remembering always that stories may get abroad about me."

"What you have to remember is that you are my honest wife," gravely returned Isaac. "I told Mrs. Copp—I have told you—that on the faintest breath of a whisper, I should avow the truth. You cannot doubt it, Anna; nothing in the world can be so precious to me as my wife's fair fame. They are looking back for us. God bless you, my darling, and farewell. For the present, you know—and that's the worst of the whole matter—you are not my wife, but Miss Chester."

CHAPTER XX.

WILFUL DISOBEDIENCE.

Mary Anne Thornycroft sat in the large, luxurious, comfortable drawing-room of the Red Court Farm. The skies without were gray and wintry, the air was cold, the sea was of a dull leaden color; but with that cheery fire blazing in the grate, the soft chairs and sofa scattered about, the fine pictures, the costly ornaments—things were decidedly bright within. Brighter a great deal than the young lady's face was; for something had just occurred to vex her. She was leaning back in her chair; her foot, peeping out from beneath the folds of her flowing dress, impatiently tapping the carpet; angry determination written on every line of her countenance. Between herself and Richard there had just occurred a passage at arms—as is apt to be the case with brother and sister, when each has a dominant and unyielding will.

At home for good, Miss Thornycroft had assumed her post as mistress of the house in a spirit of determination that said she meant to maintain it. The neighbors came flocking to see the handsome girl, a woman grown now. She had attained her nineteenth year. They found a lady-like, agreeable girl, with Cyril's love for reading, Isaac's fair skin and beautiful features, and Richard's resolute tone and lip. Very soon, within a week of her return, the servants whispered to each other that Miss Thornycroft and her brothers had already begun their quarreling, for both sides wanted the mastery. They should have said her brother—very seldom indeed was it that Isaac interfered with her—Cyril, never.

She had begun by attempting to set to rights matters that probably never would be set right; regularity in regard to the serving of the meals. They set all regularity at defiance, especially on the point of coming in to them. They might come, or they might not; they might sit down at the appointed hour, or they might appear an hour after it. Sometimes the dinners were simple, oftener elaborate; to-day they would be alone, to-morrow six or eight unexpected guests, invited on the spur of the moment, would sit down to table; just as it had been in the old days. Mr. Thornycroft's love of free-and-easy hospitality had not changed. To remedy *this*, Mary Anne did not attempt—it had grown into a usage; but she did wish to make Richard and Isaac pay more attention to decorum.

"They cannot be well-conducted, these two brothers of mine," soliloquised Miss Thornycroft, as she continued to tap her impatient foot. "And papa winks at it. I think they must have acquired a love for low companions. I hear of their going into the public-house, and, if not drinking themselves, standing treat for others. Last night they came in to dinner in their velveteen coats, and gaiters all mud—after keeping it waiting for five-and-forty minutes. I spoke about their clothes, and papa—papa took their part, saying it was not to be expected that young men engaged in agriculture, could dress themselves up for dinner like a lord-in-waiting. It's a shame!"

Richard and Isaac did indeed appear to be rather loose young men in some things; but their conduct had not changed from what it used to be—the change lay in Miss Thornycroft. What as a girl she had not seen or noticed, she now, a young woman come home to exact propriety after the manner of well-conducted young ladies, saw at once, and put a black mark against. Their dogcart, that ever-favorite vehicle, would be heard going out and coming in at all sorts of unseasonable hours; when Richard and Isaac lay abed till twelve, (the case occasionally,) Miss Thornycroft would contrive to gather that they had not gone to it until nearly daylight.

The grievance this morning, however, was not about any of these things; it concerned a more personal matter of Miss Thornycroft's. While she was reading a letter from Susan Hunter, fixing the day of the promised visit, Richard came in. He accused her of expecting visitors, and flatly ordered her to write and stop their coming. A few minutes of angry contention ensued, neither side giving way in the smallest degree: she said her friends should come, Richard said they should not. He strode away to find his father. The justice was in the four-acre paddock with his gun.

"This girl's turning the house upside down," began Richard. "We shall not be able to keep her at home."

"What girl? Do you mean Mary Anne?"

"There's nobody else I should mean," returned the young man, who was not more remarkable for courtesy of speech, even to his father, than he used to be. "I'd pretty soon shell out anybody else who came interfering. She has gone and invited some fellow and his sister down to stay for a week, she says. We can't have prying people here just now."

"Don't fly in a flurry, Dick. That's the worst of you."

"Well, sir, I think it should be stopped. For the next month, you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interposed the justice. "Of course."

"After that, it would not so much matter," continued Richard. "Not but that it would be an exceedingly bad precedent to allow it at all. If she begins to invite visitors here at will, there's no knowing what the upshot might be."

"I'll go and speak to her," said Mr. Thornycroft. "Here, take the gun, Dick."

Walking slowly, giving an eye to different matters as he passed, speaking a word here, giving an order there, the justice went on after the fashion of a man whose mind is at ease. It never occurred to him that his daughter would dispute his will.

"What is all this, Mary Anne?" he demanded, when he reached her. "Richard tells me you have been inviting some people to stay here."

Miss Thornycroft rose respectfully.

"So I have, papa. Susan Hunter was my great friend at school; she is remaining there for the holidays, which of course is very dull, and I asked her to come here for a week. Her brother will bring her."

"They cannot come," said Mr. Thornycroft.

"Not come!"

"No. You must understand one thing, Mary Anne—that you are *not at liberty* to invite people indiscriminately to the Red Court. I cannot sanction it."

A hard look of resentment crossed her face; opposition never answered with the Thornycrofts, Cyril excepted: he was just as yielding as the rest were obstinate.

"I have invited them, papa. The time for the visit is fixed, the arrangements are made."

"I tell you they cannot come."

"Not if Richard's whims are to be studied," returned Miss Thornycroft, angrily, for she had lost her temper. "Do you wish me to live on in this house forever, papa, without a soul to speak to, save my brothers and the servants? And cordial companions *they* are," added the young lady, alluding to the former, "out, out, out, as they are, night after night! I should like to know where it is they go to. Perhaps I could find out if I tried."

A fanciful person might have thought that Mr. Thornycroft started.

"Daughter!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, hoarse with passion, "hold your peace about your brothers. What is it to you where they go or what they do? Is it seemly for you, a girl, to trouble yourself about the doings of young men? Are you going to turn out a firebrand among us? Take care that you don't set the Red Court alight."

The words might have struck her as strange, might indeed have imparted a sort of undefined fear, but that she was so filled with anger and resentment as to leave no room for other impressions. Nevertheless, there was that in her father's face and eye which warned her it would not do to oppose him now, and her rejoinder was spoken more civilly.

"Do you mean, papa, that you will never allow me to have a visitor?"

"I do not say that. But I must choose the times and seasons. This companion of yours may come a month later, if you wish it so very much. Not her brother. We have enough young men in the house of our own. And I suppose you don't care for him."

Miss Thornycroft would have liked to say that he was the one for whom she did care—not the sister—but that was inexpedient. A conscious flush dyed her face; which Mr. Thornycroft attributed to pain at her wish being opposed. He had not yet to learn how difficult it was to turn his daughter from any whim on which she had set her will.

"Write to-day and stop their coming. Tell Miss —— what's the name?"

"Hunter," was the sullen answer.

"Tell Miss Hunter that it is not convenient to receive her at the time arranged, but that you hope to see her later. And—another word, Mary Anne," added Mr. Thornycroft, pausing in the act of leaving the room; "a word of caution; *let your brothers alone;* their movements are no business of yours, neither must you make it such. Shut your eyes and ears to all that does not concern you, if you want to live in peace under my roof."

"Shut my eyes and ears?" she repeated, looking after him, "that I never will. I can see how it is—papa has lived so long under the domineering of Richard that he yields to him as a habit. It is less trouble than opposing him. Richard is the most selfish man alive. He thinks if we had visitors staying at the court, he must be a little more civilized in dress and other matters, and he does not choose to be so. For no other reason has he set his face against their coming; there can be no other. But I will show him that I have a will as well as he, and as good a right to exercise it."

Even as Miss Thornycroft spoke, the assertion, "there can be no other," rose up again in her mind, and she paused to consider whether it was strictly in accordance with facts. But no; look on all sides as she would, there appeared to be no other reason whatever, or shadow of reason. It was just a whim of Richard's; who liked to act, in small things as in great, as though he were the master of the Red Court Farm—a whim which Miss Thornycroft was determined not to gratify.

And, flying in the face of the direct command of her father, she did not write to stop her guests.

The contest had not soothed her, and she put on her things to go out. The day was by no means inviting, the air was raw and chill, but Miss Thornycroft felt dissatisfied with home. Turning off by the plateau towards the village, the house inhabited by Tomlett met her view. It brought to her remembrance that the man was said to have received some slight accident, of which she had only heard a day or two ago. More as a diversion to her purposeless steps than anything else, she struck across to inquire after him. Mrs. Tomlett, an industrious little woman with a red face and shrill voice, as you may remember, stood at the kitchen table as Miss Thornycroft approached the open door, peeling potatoes. Down went the knife.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mrs. Tomlett. I hear your husband has met with some hurt. How was it done?"

For a woman of ordinary nerve and brain, Mrs. Tomlett decidedly showed herself wanting in self-possession at the question. It seemed to scare her. Looking here, looking there, looking everywhere like a frightened bird, she mumbled out some indistinct answer. Miss Thornycroft had seen her so on occasions before, and as a girl used to laugh at her.

"When did it happen, Mrs. Tomlett?"

"Last week, miss; that is, last month—last fortnight I meant to say," cried Mrs. Tomlett, hopelessly perplexed.

"What *was* the accident?" continued Miss Thornycroft.

"Well, it was a—a—a pitching of himself down the stairs, miss."

"Down which stairs? This house has no stairs."

Mrs. Tomlett looked to the different points of the room as if to assist her remembrance that the house had none.

"No, miss, true; it wasn't stairs. He got hurted *some* way," added the woman, in a pang of desperation. "I never knowed clear how. When they brought him home—a carrying of him—his head up, as one might say, and his legs down, my senses was clean frightened out o' me; what they said and what they didn't say, I couldn't remember after no more nor nothing. Maybe 'twas out o' the tallet o' the Red Court stables he fell, miss; I think it was."

Miss Thornycroft thought not; she should have heard of that. "Where was he hurt?" she asked. "In the leg, was it not?"

"'Twas, in the arm, Miss," responded Mrs. Tomlett. "Leastways, in the ankle."

The young lady stared at her as a natural curiosity. "Was it in both, Mrs. Tomlett?"

Well, yes, Mrs. Tomlett thought it might be in both. His side also had got grazed. Her full opinion was, if she might venture to express it, that he had done it a climbing up into his boat. One blessed thing was—no bones was broke.

Miss Thornycroft laughed, and thought she might as well leave her to the peeling of the potatoes, the interruption to which essential duty had possibly driven her senses away.

"At any rate, whatever the hurt, I hope he will soon be about again," she kindly said, as she went out.

"Which he is a'most that a'ready," responded Mrs. Tomlett, standing on the threshold to curtsey to her guest.

No sooner was the door shut than Tomlett, a short, strong, dark man, with a sealskin cap on, and his right arm bandaged up, came limping out of an inner room. The first thing he did was to glare at his wife; the second, to bring his left hand in loud contact with the small round table so effectually that the potatoes went flying off it.

"Now! what do *you* think of yourself for a decent woman?"

Mrs. Tomlett sat down on a chair and began to cry. "It took to me, Ben, it did—it took to me awful," she said, deprecatingly, in the midst of her tears; "I never knowed as news of the hurt had got abroad."

"Do you suppose there ever was such a born fool afore as *you?*" again demanded Mr. Tomlett, in a slow, subdued, ironical, fearfully telling tone.

"When she come straight in with the query—what was Tomlett's hurt and how were it done?—my poor body set on a twittering, and my head went clean out o' me," pleaded Mrs. Tomlett.

"A pity but it had gone clean *off* ye," growled the strong-minded husband; "'tain't o' no good *on*."

"What were I to say, took at a pinch like that? I couldn't tell the truth; you know that, Tomlett."

"Yes, you could; you might ha' told enough on't to satisfy her:—'He was at work, and he fell and hurt hisself.' Warn't that enough for any reasonable woman to say? And if she'd asked where he fell, you might ha' said you didn't know. Not you! He 'throwed hisself down the stairs,' when there ain't no stairs to the place; he 'fell out o' the tallet;' he 'done it a climbing up into his boat!' Yah!"

"Don't be hard upon me, Tomlett, don't."

"'And the hurt,' she asked, 'was that in the leg?'" mercilessly continued Mr. Tomlett. "No, it worn't in the leg, it were in the arm, leastways, in the ankle,' says you; and a fine bobbin o' contradiction that must ha' sounded to her. Yah again! Some women be born fools, and some makes theirselves into 'em."

"It were through knowing you'd get a listening, Tomlett. Nothing never scares the wits out o' me like that. When I set the door open a straw's breadth, I knew your ear was at it; and what with her afore me talking, and you behind me listening, I didn't know the words I said no more nor if it wasn't me that spoke 'em. Do what I will, I'm blowed up."

"Blowed up!" amiably repeated Mr. Tomlett; "if you was the wife o' some persons, you'd get the blowing up and something atop of it. Go on with them taturs."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mrs. Lincoln is treated with the greatest courtesy and attention at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the admirers of her husband have presented her with a handsome service of silver plate.

☞ The Pennsylvania Legislature was recently convulsed with a "lemon joke." A member emptied the contents of an ink-stand into the acid fruit with which an honorable gentleman was refreshing his voice during a long speech. Dignified!

☞ The Atlantic cable is growing more perfect in its insulation month by month, and the success of deep-sea cables is regarded as thoroughly established.

☞ The Kansas Legislature recently appropriated $400 for tobacco for the penitentiary prisoners, and $300 for preaching the gospel to them. This shows the mighty march of Western civilization.

☞ A correspondent of the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican suggests that, to the usual inscriptions upon tombstones, the name of the physician who attended the deceased in his last illness be added.

☞ A member of the Massachusetts Legislature last week made a speech in which he quoted from Scott, with this introduction of the name as he thought he had seen it printed on the title page of the Waverly edition: Now let us hear what Sir Walter Scott Bart says on this subject. [We have often wondered why Sir Walter's title of Baronet was always put after his name in his books. Who cares whether he was a Baronet or not? His name is lessened, not increased in dignity, by that little title.]

☞ A gentleman asked a lady known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when abroad to make yourself understood?" "O, my dear sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an *interrupter* with us!" The same lady having arranged some statues in the adjoining room, requested the same gentleman, before he left on the same day, to step into the next "impartment and see her *antics*" (*antiques.*)

☞ A little boy, on being asked his age on his return to school in September, replied that he was seven in April. "Seven!" said the questioner, in surprise; "your mother told me last September that you were more than seven. You must have been eight last April." "Yes'm, I was eight; but mother said I was too small for eight, so she put me back to seven."

☞ An Illinois paper, in noticing the death of a "worthy citizen," says: "As a neighbor he was kind; as a miller, upright. His virtues were beyond all price, and his flour was always sold at a fair rate."

Lawyers in England.

M. D. Conway, in one of his English letters to the Commonwealth, says:—

"It is not a little remarkable—more so here, I think, than in America—how completely purchasable lawyers are. I heard a good story of the late Lord Chancellor, Richard Bethell. He was employed by a party in a certain suit to frame a bill. Afterwards, the opposing party in the same cause employed him to conduct their side of the case, and, of course, to oppose the bill which he had himself drawn up for the other. Nothing could exceed the scorn with which he denounced that bill. It was, he declared, a blunder, and imbecility from beginning to end. 'In fact,' he thundered out, 'if the court will allow me to say so, in the whole course of my practice I have never known a bill so disgraceful to be offered in any court of law.' The bill was thrown out of court. The poor fellow who offered it afterwards went up to the lawyer, as he was retiring, and said—'Why, Mr. Bethell, you drew up the bill yourself.' 'My dear sir,' was the bland reply, 'a more perfect bill was never offered to the court.'"

REFORM LEAGUE PROJECTED.—A meeting was to be held in Boston, on the 20th, to initiate a Reform League, having in view, first, to secure a moderate and effective tariff, which may be collected at the least cost and interference with industrial pursuits; second, to oppose all special legislation intended to foster private or class interests; third, to secure some annual payment of the principal of the national debt, and the removal of some of the more onerous taxes; fourth, to promote treaties of reciprocity with all North American States; fifth, to promote reform in the civil service, and the appointment of government officers on the sole ground of fitness and ability; sixth, to secure the return to a specie standard of value as soon as possible.

☞ A very busy old maid who always knew everybody else's business better than her own, although she by no means neglected that, was at last reduced to a dying condition. At this stage she articulated to her sister, who was standing at the window:—"Run! run!"—here a knock was heard; the maiden lady was familiar with every sound in the neighborhood—"see who's at number thirty." "A woman, selling pies," replied her sister. "Pies! pies!" gasped the expiring virgin; "what do they want with pies?—they had pies there yesterday." With this the maiden drew her last breath.

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$10 TO $20 PER DAY SURE, and no risk. Agents wanted everywhere, on commission or by the month, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* For full particulars, address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, AGENTS.—"*Wonder of the World*," is warranted to cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Sold on the package system. Not to be paid for until tested. I pay $50 per month and commission, to distribute packages. J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE BEAUTIES AND MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

The times are pregnant with startling events: old fame, theories and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic wheels of progression and human development. Change is written, with the iron finger of time, upon all matter, seen and unseen, material and spiritual. The mighty, omnipotent power that fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, created all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep blue sea, the beautiful earth, and all things therein contained, were planned and created by virtue of that universal law of harmony, whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in all created things, both great and small—the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed, according to their kind, with the instinct or intelligence ordained by Him who "doeth all things well."

Wisdom, justice and love are the three great standard-bearers whose sumptuous hands mete out to each individuality the measure of Divine, universal law, designed by that mighty mind who fashioned alike noble man in His own image and all lesser created things. The beauties and wonders of nature never cease to the progressive human mind. Eternal progression is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The theme of human life is laden with sweet incense to all who, like angels of mercy and goodness, are ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress is alone due to the bold and fearless thinkers and actors upon the stage of mundane life. The stern exigencies that confront and imperil the gigantic minds of all countries cannot awe or swerve them in the path of duty and power. Disease and death now hold carnival throughout the land; suffering humanity calls loudly for the "Balm of Gilead," whose subtle, mystic power can heal and cure from wreck and ruin. A saving and skilful hand may be found ready to administer to the suffering at all times, in Prof. Hamilton, at his old medical emporium, where thousands from all countries and climes have received the healing balm for every ill.

In *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for February, 1869, may be found a Life of PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D., whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES

are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and restored health to thousands.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidneys, bladder, spine, stomach, and other organs, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver, of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dulness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a rising of the food and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes, with dulness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings, and with ladies, female weakness and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Human System, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated and made into nourishing and healthy blood principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of bile which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may consult *Verdauungsorgane und Stoffwechsel*, Leipsig, 1852, or they may see a resumé of those facts in Prof. Dalton's Physiology.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural physic of the bowels, as has heretofore been thought by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood poisoned with the daily accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected, and we have an oppressed feeling of the heart and palpitation; and if this cause is long continued, we get chronic irritation, undue excitement, and morbid nutrition of the heart, developing many forms of *Heart Disease*.

Just so with the *Lungs*. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating all through those most delicate organs. The lung tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood because they are thus irritated. Hence consumption, which is local scrofula, so defined and proved by *Lugol* and all the most scientific authors. The lungs try to *oxygenize* and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure; but they are overworked and irritated, and you smell the blood-poisoned matters in a man's foul breath. Catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, nervous cough, and consumption itself, are the results. If the liver had done its duty—made and excreted that Bile—the lungs would not have been diseased.

Just so with the *Blood* itself. It goes from the lungs back to the upper left cavity of the heart, thence to the lower cavity, and thence through the arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important of those organs are the kidneys, furnishing the urinary secretion a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and congested by the presence of the bile-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every person who has had a liver disease knows that the urine is scant, high-colored and loaded with red deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, diseases not only of the kidneys, but also of the bladder.

But this is not all—far from it. The poisonous blood goes to the Brain, and affects the great electrical centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, cannot perform its office healthfully. The person has dulness, headache, incapacity to keep his mind on a subject, cannot remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling, is sleepy, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has a bilious or a neuralgic headache.

And the blood itself becomes diseased: as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous, that the person has discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofula tumors.

Disease of the Liver itself is the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New England climate, the malarial influence of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the liver disease, in some of its varied forms, throughout the United States. This is true both of man and beast, as every butcher knows that he finds the liver of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased ones. Almost every person is *bilious* at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the liver and torpidity of its function, or this may result in some structural or organic affection. But the liver can never be diseased without affecting the stomach, bowels and the other organs we have spoken of, and costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa and impoverished blood are among the necessary results.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Prof. HAMILTON will also inform the afflicted that, having been written to by thousands of patients, his office has become the greatest centre for the treatment of novel, interesting, and peculiar cases of any place in the world. No hospital in Europe or America has one tenth the number of singular and remarkable cases as are presented, either personally or by letter, at No. 546 Broadway. It is, indeed, an *Emporium of Clinical Medicine*. Among the thousands of cases arising from diseases of the liver, lungs, and blood, which he treats, the following receive a prominent and most successful attention: Sick and bilious headache, nervous and neuralgic headache, chronic diarrhœa and dysentery, costiveness and piles, pimples, eruptions and brown skin, dropsy and diseases of the kidneys, consumption of the blood, scrofula in all its forms, spinal irritation, salt rheum, and erysipelas, cancers, asthma, epileptic fits, nervous diseases of the heart, diseases of females, and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, rheumatism, catarrh and throat diseases, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

For greater convenience of those wishing to write me about their diseases, I insert the following, which embraces nearly all that I require to know in most cases: Have you constipation of the bowels? Have you attacks of diarrhœa? Have you pains in the back, sides or shoulders? Have you a pain or tenderness about the stomach? Have you a dry, teasing cough? Have you sallow or yellow skin? Have you brown spots on your face or any part of the body? Have you a headache? Are you dull, heavy, or sleepy? Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth? Have you an irritation or dryness in the throat? Have you cold chills or hot flushes? Have you palpitation of the heart? Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Do you raise or spit up your food? Have you any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning? Do you have colic pains? Have you wind in the stomach or bowels? Have you piles or fistula? Have you nervous and all-gone feelings? Have your cold feet and hands? Have you a rush of blood to the head? Have you uneasiness on lying on the side? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you great lowness of spirits? Have you gloomy forebodings?

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING, AND SEE WHO ARE CURED.

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.—DEAR SIR: Duty prompts me to a most grateful acknowledgment of the astonishing success of your treatment in my case. For nearly three years I had suffered from catarrh, nervous rheumatism, liver complaint and extreme nervousness, insomuch that life had become an intolerable burden, and death was looked for as my only release; physically and mentally broken down, I was utterly unable to do the duties of a minister, and was preparing to retire from the ranks, when, providentially, my eye fell on your advertisement in the New York *Methodist*. I had already travelled far and expended so much in the vain effort to secure a cure, that it was with great reluctance and little hope that I addressed you. Your *reply* inspired me with hope—your remedies were received and taken, and the result was as marvellous to those who know my condition as it was gratifying to myself. In three weeks I was again in the pulpit preaching with unusual vigor, and if my services are of any value to the church, it is indebted to you, under God, for their continuance. You may refer to me at any time and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill.

Yours truly, REV. JOSEPH JONES.
Saint Joseph, Mich.

CASES OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent Divine and Missionary, the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa:

No. 23 Ann Street, New York City.

DR. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, No. 546 Broadway.—My Dear Benefactor: A sense of duty impels me to say that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as Missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked: "Before I get through with you I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of *what, as I had often received similar assurances* from eminent physicians, both here and in Europe; but in less than two weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring thousands to health.

REV. A. A. CONSTANTINE.

STRONGLY CORROBORATED!

BROOKLYN, N. Y., No. 113 Harrison St., January 20, 1869.

TO THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

During my labor in publishing and editing a newspaper for many years in this city, and also in the performance of my duties as a clergyman in this and other cities, I have become thoroughly and intimately acquainted with R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D., the justly celebrated Liver, Lung and Blood Physician of this city, who is located at No. 546 Broadway. The Doctor was for many years a regular practising physician, and also for some years a professor in one of our best medical schools, and during such extensive experience, he fully realized the inadequacy of the ordinary treatment made use of in all chronic diseases, more especially that class of troubles arising from deranged functions of the liver and digestive organs. He at once set himself about the study of the class of diseases, determined to make them a speciality. Laying the vegetable world under tribute, he has made discoveries and compounded specifics on sound philosophical principles which have made the most wonderful cures in the annals of medicine. Liver, blood, lung and nervous diseases are now virtually under his full control, and yield to the magic, subtle power of his remedies. I have myself seen numbers of those who have been saved from the hand of death by his power, when the unfortunate sufferers seemed doomed to an early grave, and all other treatment was of no avail. In addition to what I can vouch for personally, I have ample evidence from other clergymen, physicians and eminent men of the highest character, who have also been saved by this wonderful treatment, and who speak in the highest praise and gratitude of Dr. Hamilton as a physician and a gentlemen of honor and integrity. It is but simply stating the positive truth when I say that it well known throughout this country that where his works are known and the fruit of his skill have been witnessed, he is highly esteemed by the people as the most eminent and remarkable physician in the treatment of chronic diseases of the age. As the result of a long personal and familiar acquaintance with Prof. Hamilton, and his unparalleled success as a professional man of the highest order, I frankly express the hope that diseased humanity in any part of our land may avail themselves of his remarkable skill, and thus share the noble blessings so kindly and freely bestowed upon all.

Most respectfully,
REV. W. B. JACOBS.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN CURED!

The eminent divine, Rev. J. W. Rinkley, of Athens, Maine, writes:

"My health has so far improved from the effects of your treatment, that I am able to resume my pastorship. *Had it not been for your medicine, I should not have been living now.* To you, with God's blessing, I owe my worldly existence. I am a living exponent of the worth of your matchless remedies, and I shall hereafter deem it a part of my religious duty to recommend all suffering with diseases of the liver and lungs to speedily apply to you. May God's blessing attend your worthy efforts for the relief of diseased and suffering humanity."

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN IS HEALED!

BOONTON, N. J.

R. L. HAMILTON, M.D.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, I could scarcely walk into the office without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, but during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhœa and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used everything I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do me more good than others? But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say, that after the use of your medicines the result was a complete cure. I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow exorbitant charges.

Yours truly,
REV. GEO. H. JONES.

A CLERGYMAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM!

POINTVILLE, N. J.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON.—Dear Sir: I have purposely delayed writing in order to give you the results of your remedies. The medicines came to hand in due time, and I commenced using them as instructed, and have persevered. For the first week I could not see much change; the second week there seemed to be a giving way of the disease; and at the end of the third week a decided change for the better was manifest. I am now able to walk about with ease and comfort. I send you my sincere and many thanks, and pray that God may bless and preserve your life for many years. I feel that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me.

Yours truly,
REV. ISAAC HUGG.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Mrs. Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Ripon, Wis., writes:

"The remedies you sent me last spring worked like a charm throughout my entire system. I do not believe *I should have lived until the present time had I not used your medicine.* It is my sincere prayer that God may bless and spare you many long years to minister to the physical being of diseased humanity. All that I can do to extend your field of labor shall be done earnestly and willingly."

A GOOD WOMAN.

LOCKPORT STATION, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON—DEAR SIR: When I applied to you for treatment, my case was considered a hopeless one indeed. I had been troubled with weak lungs and shortness of breath for many years, also with cold chills, aching bones, stiffness in my joints, and had had several severe attacks of sickness. For three months I was confined to my bed with bronchitis. On another occasion I was for the same length of time confined with dumb ague, and for three years with ague and fever. Previous to consulting you, I had taken medicines eight months without any benefit, and had suffered much, very much, from its effects. My system seemed to be a perfect wreck. I ceased to take medicine, and did not intend to use more, as they seemed to increase my difficulties instead of relieving them. One of your circulars was providentially handed to me, and I read it over and over again, until I could not reasonably doubt the statements therein made. I feared it was too late to effect any benefit. I believed my case so bad as to be beyond all hope. I had a sore throat, bad cough, pain under my shoulder-blades, soreness in my breast, swelling of my chest, bowels, feet, and ankles. I was losing flesh rapidly, and growing very weak. I wrote out my symptoms, and forwarded them to you and asked your opinion of my situation. You replied that it was truly a critical and dangerous one, and sent me a remedy as a preventive of any change for the worse until I could send for a course of treatment. I sent for the medicines, and I thank God for his goodness in causing them to reach me in time to save me. I used them as directed for four weeks, and after I had taken the second package I felt that I was perfectly well. My complaints had all disappeared. The soreness in my throat was cured; the pain under my shoulder blades was gone; the swelling in my chest, feet, and ankles had left me; the shortness of breath was no longer a trouble to me; the stiffness and soreness in my bones were removed, and my limbs were as active and supple as when a child. I could walk up steep places without fatigue, and had better health than I had enjoyed in twenty years. It is now four years since I took your medicine, and I have needed none since. You are at liberty to publish this statement. By so doing many others in a like situation may be saved from much suffering and a premature death.

Wishing you may accept my lasting gratitude, I subscribe myself your ever faithful friend,
RACHEL HENDERSON.

P. S.—Should the truth of the above be questioned by any one, I invite them to write to me, and I will satisfy them that it is indeed true, and that the half is not expressed in this testimonial. R. H.

IS THANKFUL.

AUBURN FOUR CORNERS, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

PROF. HAMILTON: I now improve the present opportunity to inform you of the result of your medicine. It has effected a permanent cure, as the agonizing pain in my right side, which has troubled me for three years, has entirely subsided. My appetite is decidedly better, and the various symptoms which I had at the time of applying to you, have all disappeared. My health never was better than at the present time, and I attribute all to the use of your valuable medicine, for which I shall always feel very grateful, and will do all I can to induce my diseased friends and acquaintances to apply to you, for I believe your remedies to be all and everything you claim for them. If I ever need any more medicine, or any of my family, I shall apply to you at once, as I believe it to be the surest, safest, and best to be had.

I remain yours at command.
MRS. J. W. SMITH.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Mrs. John B. Parmenter, of Hammond Creek, Tioga Co., Pa., writes, Oct. 11:

"Language is inadequate to express in a fitting manner my deep and most heartfelt gratitude to you for having restored me to health by your medicines (which I took from time to time as directed), after I had been afflicted for many years with a general debility of the whole nervous system, liver complaint, indigestion, and all their attendant consequences. I was much of the time unable to be about my house, but feel that I am now well and in a condition to attend to all my domestic duties.

"I am so thankful to you for the great benefits derived from your treatment, that I cannot speak too highly in your praise. I rest as well and sleep as good nights as I ever did, and every one who knows me is greatly astonished to find my health so greatly improved, and say that they, too, must try your remedies."

A MOST GRATIFYING TESTIMONIAL.

Austin Sheldon, of Delaware, Pike Co., Pa., writes:

"Your remedies have reached me in due time, and have been used as directed. The result, thus far, has been most satisfactory in every case. I used your medicines in a case of fits. The patient was a boy three years old. He had only two fits after the first dose of your medicines. Many other cases, equally as obstinate, and pronounced by our resident physicians as incurable, have been wholly or partially relieved. I believe your theory of the cause and treatment of disease to be correct. Indeed, the success of your remedies demonstrate it to be far superior to any other yet adopted. It is my intention to order a supply of your standard remedies, and go about the country distributing your paper and disposing of the medicines as best I can."

THE WORK GOES ON.

Mr. James H. McCleary, of Fayette Springs, Pa., writes:

"I must inform you of the great benefit my wife received from your medical treatment. Your remedies restored her to health and vigor. Were it not for them, I sincerely believe she would ere now have been in her grave. May God in his providence attend you in your humane labors, is the prayer of your friend."

WHO CAN DOUBT WHEN SO MANY ARE SAVED!

William C. Downs, Esq., of Stroudsburg, Pa., writes:

"I have been through with a course of your treatment, and can affirm before God that your medicines will do all you claim for them. They are no humbug. Several persons in this vicinity have used them, and have derived entire satisfaction. Your theory of the cause and treatment of disease is simple and reasonable. Its correctness is fully vindicated by the success of your practice. I am daily recommending you, and you will soon have a more extended practice in this neighborhood. I shall be most glad to vouch for the authenticity of this. I am aware that people at a distance feel a degree of hesitancy at placing their health in the care of physicians whom they have never seen, or, perhaps, never heard of. To those that are inclined to be thus incredulous, I can say that Dr. Hamilton undertakes nothing but what he thoroughly understands, and always gives careful attention to all who place themselves under his care."

HAS HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT.

Mr. Levi Hollinger, of West Myerstown, Lebanon Co., Pa., writes:

"The medicine you sent me last has had the desired effect; I feel almost perfectly cured; another prescription will do a permanent work. Send as soon as possible."

A SUPPOSED IMPOSSIBILITY.

Mr. H. B. Herrick, of Russellburgh, Pa., writes:

"The medicine last ordered came to hand in due season, and I have used as directed, and it has done that which I never supposed medicine could do. I have accomplished more than I have in the same length of time for six years previous to applying to you. I consider myself cured."

HAS GREAT FAITH.

G. B. Skinner, of Damascus, Pa., says:

"The medicine sent by you to my wife, for her kidneys, seemed to be the thing necessary. I am perfectly satisfied that, with the blessing of God, it will work a perfect cure."

HOW GRATEFUL THE RESTORED!

FARMERTOWN, Hunterdon Co., N. J., Oct. 15.

DEAR SIR: The medicines I received from you I have taken as directed, and I cannot express my gratitude for the great benefit derived from their use. My disease is entirely, and, I believe, permanently removed. I deem it providential that I was directed to you, after all other means had failed. Depend on it, I shall do all in my power to direct poor, diseased mortals to a source of relief which, from experience, I know to be a true one. I thank you, my dear Doctor, for your faithful attention, and you shall always have my best wishes for your success in relieving the suffering of your fellow creatures.

Most respectfully,
MRS. CHARLES BURKIT.

IN HIS MERCY HE SAVES THE AFFLICTED.

Mr. John Lewis, of Zollarsville, Washington Co., Pa., writes:

"The medicine you sent me last spring acted like a charm. It relieved me very soon of a deranged state of the liver, stomach, and bowels. The marked peculiarity of your remedies is, while they act directly and thoroughly on the diseased organs, they do not depress or debilitate the system like other Liver Remedies I have used. I consider you fully master of your profession; and from your open, fair way of dealing with me, I deem you an upright, conscientious man, as well as an accomplished physician."

STRONG TALK! READ THIS AND BE CONVINCED.

Mrs. Eliza Milroy, of Cranberry, Venango Co., Pa., writes:

"Dear Doctor: I have used your medicine as directed, and am astonished at the wonderful cure it has performed in my case. Language is inadequate to express my sufferings before I commenced taking your medicine, and after suffering twenty-five years, I am now comparatively well. I attribute my very existence to your great professional skill—indeed, I owe you a debt of gratitude I never can pay. I am prepared to say to the sick and afflicted, apply to Dr. Hamilton, and he will give you comfort. In saying this, from *experience I know* what I affirm. May Heaven's best blessings ever be showered upon the greatest benefactor of his race—Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton.

ELIZA MILROY."

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

Mr. J. H. Jewell, of Troy, Bradford Co., Pa., writes:

"I am trying to have those that are diseased to send to you at once, and especially those that have the liver complaint, as I know that you are sure to cure that every time, as the person is to take your remedies. I know that if it had not been for your remedies I should have been in my grave before now, for I was clean gone, as you know; and if my testimony is worth anything to you, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you may see fit, for I feel as if you saved me from the grave."

IMPORTANT CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

Read the following evidence of what my treatment has done in a case of this disease, hitherto considered incurable:

BUCKHART, Ill., Oct. 12.

DR. HAMILTON: My wife was afflicted with fits for ten years, *attended with great spinal and nervous debility.* She doctored with several physicians, but all to no purpose. I read one of your circulars, and was so impressed with your new and simple theory of disease, that I determined to try your remedies. Everyone in the neighborhood cried, "Humbug!" but, thank God, failed to dissuade us from our purpose. As you know, we sent for some of your remedies, which, with the help of God, have *completely and permanently cured her.* She has not had a fit since; her back is strong, and her nervous vitality and strength have returned. As every attack she had was severer than the one previous, it is reasonable to suppose she could not have lived long but for the timely interference of your wonderful skill. To God be the praise; for so speedily and miraculously have your remedies worked that I can but recognize you as an instrument of Divine power in rescuing my dear companion from a terrible death. Words can but inadequately express my gratitude and joy. I wish you to publish this, and spread it far and near. I deem it my solemn duty to all afflicted with this awful malady to do all in my power to make known to them the *true physician*; and if any doubt the authenticity of this, let them write to me. I will satisfy them that it is all true. May God's blessing attend you in your efforts for humanity's good.

JOHN S. SHARP.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

William McNeills, Eagle Rock, Venango Co., Pa., writes:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for about seven years. When I had doctored with other doctors, and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, with no avail, and was so bad that I could hardly get out of my house, and part of the time not able to get out of my bed, as I was affected in nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. To my great joy, in less than three weeks I was able to go out and *jump* with the most active man in the place. In one month I was perfectly cured, and had gained seventeen pounds; and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last six months. May God bless you and your *miraculous remedies.*

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DONE MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE PHYSICIANS.

Mrs. Catharine Anderson, of Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa., writes:

"Your medicines have worked wonders in my case. Previous to taking your remedies, I had doctored with three different physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease *consumption*, and *incurable*. Cod-liver oil and different kinds of syrups were taken in great quantities, but to no purpose. I was confined to my bed for six months, coughed continually, and raised great quantities of matter. My throat was swelled out nearly even with my chin, and my sufferings were most intense. I had not taken your medicines more than one week, before I found great relief; my cough was much loosened, and I breathed with greater freedom and ease. My appetite was better, and I felt that a new life had opened before me. I owe my very existence to your great skill and invaluable remedies."

CASES OF ASTHMA.

Mr. Joseph Little, of Thompson, Pa., writes:

"Last January I received a package of medicine from you. It is with much pleasure and thankfulness that I now state that my health is fully re-established. The asthma and bronchial difficulties are entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—sixty-seven years."

A VOICE FROM WAYNE CO., PA.

Mr. John Benney, of Honesdale, writes:

"It would be injustice to you as well as to myself not to acknowledge what your remedies have done for me. They have done more for me than I ever expected. I began to improve in a week, and when I had taken all the medicines, I felt like a new man. All of my neighbors told me how much better I was looking. I have not felt so well for five years as I now do."

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Mr. Charles Sherman, of Rutland, Tioga Co., Pa., writes:

"My rheumatism, I think, is cured. Your medicine cured my wife of catarrh, and also helped her other complaints."

"MONEY NOT THROWN AWAY."

Mr. Job Coslett, of Danville, Montour Co., Pa., writes:

"I received the medicine you sent, and before I finished taking it, I was able to work, and have been ever since. When I expressed my intention to try your remedies, many of my neighbors said I 'would throw away my money.' I feel that I have not thrown it away, for I received great benefit—indeed, I may say, *a perfect cure.*"

"HER STORY IS SOON TOLD." A CASE OF PILES CURED.

Carrie E. Phillips, of Middletown Centre, Susquehanna Co., Pa., after making application for a friend of hers, adds:

"As for myself, my story is soon told. I am well again, thanks to the Lord and your medicines. I believe you have saved me from an untimely grave; you have cured me from the liver complaint and the piles. My sufferings from the latter disease (incident, I believe, to the former) were intolerable. I cannot express my thanks to you for what you have done for me, and the prompt attention and solicitude you manifested while doing it. God will be your rewarder. If I or any other of my friends are sick again, you will hear from us."

A CASE OF DIPHTHERIA CURED AFTER PHYSICIANS HAD GIVEN THE PATIENT UP.

D. C. Horne, of Genesee Fork, Potter Co., Pa., writes:

"My little son was for a long time sick with the diphtheria. He could not speak, and was not able to walk around. The doctor gave him up. I, however, tried some of the medicine sent by you last year, and, on taking it, he was not only greatly helped, but completely cured."

SUFFERING READER!

If you are afflicted with any chronic disease, throw aside, for once, any preconceived, erroneous notions in regard to an advertising physician, who gives ample evidence of his skill and integrity.

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

is a thoroughly educated physician, a regular graduate of one of our best medical schools, a man of over twenty-five years' experience in the treatment of all chronic diseases to which the people of this or any country are subject, who has at this moment patients under treatment in every State and Territory of the American Union, in the British Provinces, South and Central America, Mexico, West Indies, and Sandwich Islands, Australia, Europe, China, and the East. This will doubtless sound chimerical to many, but the evidence can be produced at Dr. H.'s office to prove every word true. It is also asserted, on the most reliable authority, that no one physician in this or any other country on the globe, of whatever age or position, has ever seen, examined, and prescribed for one half the number of patients that Dr. Hamilton has. Again, it must not be supposed that Dr. Hamilton's treatment consists in *Patent Medicines*, or a *few pet compounds*, recommended to cure all the ills that flesh is subject to. On the contrary, Dr. H.'s prescriptions and specific compounds are always made up chemically and specifically, for each individual case, as they are presented to him, either in person or by letter—either of which is sufficient if the combination of symptoms are properly presented, according to the directions given in this article.

Again: No Mineral remedies are used in any case by Dr. Hamilton; consequently, patients are safe from those horrible mineral poisons so much used by some physicians.

REMEMBER ONE THING!!!

READER: Do not think that you cannot be cured because you have tried other remedies. Let it be distinctly understood that many of my remedies are known only to myself, for many of them are discoveries of my own, and are compounded according to my own reasoning and extensive experience with the sick.

All sick persons must remember that, if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write to me their present symptoms plainly, or patients can mark the symptoms they have, as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment in various parts of the world whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation and happiness of his suffering and erring children. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always enclose ten cents—postage must be paid in advance.

NOTICE!

Prof. Hamilton has now ready a pamphlet containing a biographical sketch of his remarkable life, with a lithograph picture of himself. This book contains a complete history of Prof. H.'s wonderful cures—his theory of diseases, and the only natural, safe, and positive treatment for all chronic diseases—a valuable work for everybody. SENT FREE.

Have no hesitancy in writing to the Doctor, and state to him your case in full, and he will deal honestly and promptly with you. All letters to him must be addressed thus:

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

No. 546 BROADWAY,

Care of Post-Office Box No. 4063, New York.

The number of the Post-Office Box must be put on each letter to insure safety.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Solving a Difficulty.

A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day after making his first visit to a Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree; on the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which "reads sermons in stones," said—

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Who," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No, sir," emphatically responded the child, "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said—

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied—

"Well, grandfather, the *tree* belongs to God, but the walnuts are *ours*."

Sharp Practice.

A livery stable-keeper, not a thousand miles from Lowell, Mass., was applied to by a fine-appearing man, for a horse and buggy, to go out of town for the day. He was furnished, and, when about to leave, was informed that it was customary to have a deposit left by strangers. He inquired what the owner would take for his team, and was told five hundred dollars, which was immediately handed over to the proprietor. On returning, the stable-keeper was asked to examine the team, and see if he thought it was worth as much as when taken in the morning, to which he answered in the affirmative, and handed the stranger the identical five hundred dollars, who immediately left for the hotel. The stable-keeper, not having realized any profit in the transaction, followed, and informed him that he had forgotten to pay for the use of the team?" "What team?" was the reply. "I bought a horse and buggy of you this morning, and sold it back to you just now for the same price. I drove my own team." The livery man found himself minus the amount of his charge.

Seven Fools.

1. The Envious man—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.
2. The Jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. The Proud man—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.
4. The Litigious man—who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. The Extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.
6. The Angry man—who learns the ophicleide because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.
7. The Ostentatious man—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

Ale and Beer Measure.

That tender purity in children which hates the very *appearance* of evil may lead them to make some droll judgments, but in itself it is very beautiful.

At school one day, when the lesson was the table called "Ale and beer measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was no use, sir," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the master.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the master.

"Well, sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink them."

Absent-Minded.

Robert Simpson, the Scottish mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. He used to sit at his open window on the ground-floor, deep in geometry, and when accosted by a beggar would rouse himself, hear a few words of the story, make his donation, and dive. Some wags one day stopped a mendicant on his way to the window with "Now, do as we tell you and you will get something from that gentleman, and a shilling from us besides. He will ask who you are, and you will say Robert Simpson, son of John Simpson of Kirktonhill." The man did as he was told; Simpson gave him a coin and dropped off. He soon roused himself and said, "Robert Simpson! son of John Simpson of Kirktonhill! why, that is myself! that man must be an impostor!"

Leaving Church.

A Kentucky preacher who was annoyed by the habit of people leaving church before the conclusion of the service, determined to break the practice off. So one day he was "drawing his bow at a venture," when a nice young man started out. But A——, without lowering his voice, cried out—

"A word with you, young man; you shall not interrupt the congregation by going out in time of service." But pausing a moment, he said: "Now, I remember, I took a man to task over at Shawnee Run for going out, and, brethren and sisters, what do you think he turned out to be? What they call a lunatic. So go on, young man; maybe you are one of them sort."

BEGGING IN MEXICO.—*Traveller*—"Ain't you ashamed to beg—a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work."

Picturesque Beggar—(*drawing himself up*)—"Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice."

☞ "Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to the bust of Kentucky's great statesman, recently, in a New York store. "No, sir, that is Clay," quickly replied the dealer.

☞ A New York paper has the following local conundrum:—"Why is the Central Park like a coquette? Because it has so many archways."

CANDID.

UNDERGRADUATE.—"Would you tell me, sir, why I have been ploughed?"

DON.—"Sir, you have been 'ploughed' (as you are pleased to express it) for impudence."

UNDERGRADUATE.—"Oh—very sorry. I will try and *be better up in it* next time!"

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

The wind was blowing up from the west
On the eve of a stormy day,
And she saw the ship that she loved the best
Veering across the bay.
The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,
And they flapped to and fro in the blast,
Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird
When the foot of the hunter hath passed.
And it's oh ship! brave ship! safe may your voyage be;
And it's oh for the dawn of to-morrow's morn! and it's oh for a rippling sea!

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,
Like a weary, wayward child;
And she lay with her babe asleep on her breast
And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.
She smiled as she thought in her happy sleep
That the long, long parting was o'er;
But she did not hear how the storm awoke,
And the breakers dashed on the shore.
And it's oh ship! brave ship! she could not sleep if she
Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake, though the wind was high,
But she turned in her dream with a start,
And her sleeping lips framed the well-known cry,
Which dropped from the full, full heart,
As water falls from a shaken cup
Suddenly over the brim;
"Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,
And all at sea with him!"
And it's oh ship! brave ship! but where will your Captain be?
And oh! it was well there were none to tell, it was well there were none to see!

They are striving now to reach the shore,
The Captain and all his men:
And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er
Again, and again, and again.
The waves are high, the rocks are hid,
And none can see the land;
But the Captain stands himself at the helm,
And steers with a steady hand.
And it's oh ship! brave ship! and how can it ever be
That you clear the rocks and weather the shocks of that tearing, roaring sea?

The night is dark, the storm is high,
But the ship lies safe in a creek,
And the Captain stands with a light in his eye,
And a flush on his sun-browned cheek.
And the Captain's wife sleeps sound and still
Through the wild and angry blast,
For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,
And her Captain home at last.
And it's oh ship! brave ship! brave and strong you may be,
But was it your strength that saved you at length from the might of the cruel sea!

Sensations of the Dying.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly, to a certain extent, erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends.

Those who die by violence or accidents undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death, but few, after all, "shuffle off this mortal coil" more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head, and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which is kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which causes such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of the blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it; but it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the "leaden messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were involuntarily, "I am a dead man!"

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the more sensation of pains in the parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds—a flashing thought of home, friends, and family—and all is over. Those who are cut in two by heavily burdened railroad carriage must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing, perhaps, of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for days, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings, and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance, his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless, and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in the full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of the *cæcum*. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

☞ An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and on returning at noon was asked if he had completed his work. "No," was the reply; "I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

AGRICULTURAL.

What is the Condition of Your Cellar?

Is it damp, close, filled with disagreeable odors, proceeding from germinating or decaying vegetables? If so, it is time you gave it your earnest attention; for you have in that locality the germs of disease, and yourself and family are liable to be prostrated at any moment. You may think your cellar or basement is in good sanitary condition; do you *know* that it is? Have you carefully examined it? Have you looked over the potatoes, turnips, squashes, and other vegetables, to ascertain their condition? We know that diptheria, typhoid and scarlet fever, and many other most serious illnesses have their origin in cellars, both in city and country; and we can do our readers no greater service than to urge them to see that, at all times, they are in a dry, sweet, wholesome condition, says the Journal of Chemistry, and so do we. Why should farmers and farmers' families, living away from the pestilential vapors of the cities, be so subject to attacks of malignant diseases?

There is a reason for it, and it can be pointed out. It arises from the indifference manifested to the observance of hygienic rules, and the violation of sanitary laws. Cleanliness is essential to health, and is just as necessary in the country as in the city. A family living over a foul cellar is more liable to be afflicted with illness than a city family, without cellar or basement filled with fermenting roots and fruits. There is far more sickness among husbandmen in the country than there should be. With plenty of pure air, water, and exercise, disease should be kept at bay, and would be, if a better observance of certain hygienic conditions were maintained. Bad conditioned cellars, small, close sleeping rooms, stoves, these are agents of evil, and are fast making the homes of farmers as unhealthful as those of the dwellers in cities. Are not these suggestions worthy of consideration?—*Boston Cultivator*.

The Kitchen Garden.

It is a matter of astonishment to us that so many farmers appear to be indifferent to the kitchen garden. There are many vegetables like celery, lettuce, asparagus, rhubarb, and many others that might be named, that are absolutely indispensable in their season, upon every well supplied table. They are healthful as well as palatable, and no farmer should deprive his family of an abundant supply of them. Besides, the garden, if conveniently located, as it should be, near the house, need not occupy an unreasonable amount of time, but offers a place where many an odd hour may be filled up with pleasure and profit. There is no estimating the saving which might be effected by greater attention to the garden.

The fact is, the farmer is better situated to have upon his table every luxury in the way of vegetables and small fruits, since he can produce them himself, than any other class of people, but in point of fact how few avail themselves of the advantages of this position.

What is more healthful than the rhubarb, or pie-plant, in its season, and yet how few gardens contain it! Who would deprive his family of celery, and yet how few gardens give it any place!

We trust every one of our readers will take the hint, and lay out a larger garden than ever before, and make calculation to cultivate it better. It would promote the comfort, the health and economy of every household, and need interfere but little with the general operations of the farm.—*Mass. Ploughman*.

Lice on Cattle and Sheep.

The Spring is the season when most annoyance is caused by these parasites. We have so many letters asking for and recommending cures, that we are induced again to allude to that wonderful effective destroyer of such vermin, *Carbolic acid*. This is used in the form of soaps, which may be easily applied in water, making a moderately strong suds. Creslyic acid is a cognate substance almost always associated with carbolic acid, and under the *trade name* of "Creslyic Soap," an excellent article is advertised and furnished. We have employed this soap to rid our shelves of ants, our cupboards of cockroaches, poultry of lice, dogs and cats of fleas, and not having occasion to use it upon our horses or neat stock, have supplied acquaintances whose stables were infected. We have seen prescribed a bath of creslyic soap and water for a newly arrived immigrant, and in every case of its application have had the satisfaction of learning of its efficacy. Farewell to mercurial ointment, that efficient, but very dangerous article in careless hands! So long as we can obtain carbolic compounds, we banish it.—*American Agriculturist*.

Sharpening Edged Tools.

The Mark Lane Express copies the following recipe for sharpening edged tools from a German scientific journal, for the benefit of farmers, mechanics, and laborers:

"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone by corroding the whole surface evenly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are generally improved by it, although the cause of improvement remains unexplained.

"At length this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman, at the beginning of his noon spell, or when he leaves it in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidulated as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting."

RECEIPTS.

POTATO SOUP.—Peel and chop four onions, and put them into a gallon saucepan, with two ounces of dripping fat, or butter, or a bit of fat bacon; add rather better than three quarts of water, and set the whole to boil on the fire for ten minutes; then throw in four pounds of peeled and sliced up potatoes, pepper and salt, and with a wooden spoon stir the soup on the fire for about twenty-five minutes, by which time the potatoes will be done to a pulp, and the soup ready for dinner or breakfast.

BUNS.—Three cups of milk, one of sugar, one of yeast, mix into a thick batter in the morning, let it rise light, then add one cup of sugar, one of butter, one nutmeg, a little salt, mix as stiff as for biscuit, let this rise all night, roll and cut them, and let them stand fifteen or twenty minutes before baking.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—When fresh done and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, an empty cup and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with anything. The water of course dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into an empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and ladling it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilt, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink stain, dip the part stained into hot milk, and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailing remedy.

GREASE STAINS IN SILK.—A sure and safe way to remove grease stains from silks is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease.

ANOTHER WAY.—Lay the silk upon a table with an ironing-blanket under it, the right side of the silk downwards; put a piece of brown paper on the top, and apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. I have found this receipt more efficacious than any scouring drops ever compounded.

TAPIOCA CUSTARDS.—Soak four large spoonfuls of tapioca in one quart of warm milk three-quarters of an hour, then let it come to a boil and add six large spoonfuls of sugar, six eggs, and a little salt, well beaten together; as soon as thickened, turn it into a dish to cool for dinner. Season with lemon or a glass of wine. Stir it while cooking the same as soft custard. It is very good with fewer eggs.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 16, 6, 20, 29, 19, 37, 3, was a maiden who challenged Minerva to a trial of skill in embroidery; and was afterwards changed into a spider.

My 14, 25, 9, 29, 32, 28, 21, was a Trojan priest, who, with his two sons, was destroyed by serpents, for having offended Pallas.

My 2, 36, 23, 5, 35, 27, 7, 22, 8, 11, were commanded by Juno to watch the trees, on which grew the golden apples.

My 4, 18, 15, 26, 9, 21, 36, 13, 31, was a king of Elis, who was struck dead by lightning, for imitating the thunder of Jove.

My 8, 28, 27, 33, 9, 37, 11, were the daughters of Phorcys and Celo, who had the power to change men into stones.

My 12, 35, 17, 7, 29, 28, 21, was a hill of Bœotia, sacred to Apollo and the muses.

My 10, 14, 9, 34, 18, was the goddess who presides over Gardens.

My 1, 24, 13, 37, 30, is what you must do to solve this enigma.

My whole is the title of a popular Irish song. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Riddle.

I'm wild as the Arab, I'm mild as the dove—
I'm free as the wild wind, I whisper of love;
I plot murder and treason, with robbers I dwell—
I was with Adam's wife, when tempted she fell;
I aided the serpent to steal Adam's breath,
And exchanged immortality for trouble and death.
I fly o'er the mountain, I skim o'er the sea—
I'm thinking of you when you're thinking of me.
I make lovers happy, though seas do them sever—
And though far away, I can bring them together.
I aid the gay belle in teasing her beau—
I turn her cheeks crimson, I cause them to glow,
The dark, green-eyed monster I rouse from his lair—
I goad on the lover he drives to despair.
Anon, I'm engaged in the Christian's devotion—
I aid him in prayer, I enhance his emotion—
I am pure as an angel in dazzling white—
I am worse than a demon, and blacker than night.
I'm sober, I'm jolly, I'm wrong and I'm right,
I'm basking in sunshine, this dark stormy night.

MUSIC VALE SEMINARY.
Salem, New London Co., Conn.

Problem.

A man rows 3½ miles *down* a river and back again in 1 hour and 40 minutes. Supposing the river to have a current of 2 miles per hour, at what rate would he row in still water? W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A bought two horses, and shortly afterwards sold them. On the one he made as much per cent. as it cost him, and on the other he made as much per cent. as both cost together. For both together he received $176, and $64 less for one than the other. Required—what he paid for each horse.

E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

Silas Brown owns a right angled triangular tract of land; the three sides whereof told in one sum measure 1,320 perches; and the difference in the length of the two right-angled sides is 10 perches. With these facts given it is said the value of this triangular tract can be found at $8 per acre. What is its value? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Ans.—Because it is continually *lightening*.

☞ Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Ans.—Because they want "carrying out."

☞ When do flowers become highwaymen? Ans.—When they show pistils and stamen.

☞ How does a horse regard a man? Ans.—As the source of all his whoas.

☞ Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe? Ans.—Because it once had a Solon.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Charge, Chester, charge—On, Stanley, on!" (Marmion.) ENIGMA—"There's no place like home."

PUDDING SAUCE.—On two eggs well beaten to a froth, with a coffee cup of sugar, pour four tablespoonfuls of boiling milk, and beat all to a cream; then let it stand about twenty minutes in the top of the tea-kettle, stirring it most of the time; have a wine-glass of wine in the bottom of the tureen, or flavor with lemon or vanilla and turn the sauce on it.

LEMON PUDDING OR PIE.—One quart of milk, one teacup of flour and a piece of butter the size of an egg braided together, a large cupful of white sugar, boil the milk with the peel of one lemon grated in it, turn it boiling hot on the flour and butter, then add the eggs and sugar with the juice of the lemon, bake in a crust in one large dish or in squash pie plates.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, five eggs, not quite a cup of milk, the juice and grated peel of one lemon. If you use sour milk put in just soda enough to sweeten it.

CHEAP INVALUABLE DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve half a small teaspoonful of fine powdered borax in half a pint of tepid water, add to it six or eight drops of tincture of myrrh. This will always preserve the gums and teeth in a clean and healthy state.